Saturday Review

April 2, 1966 35¢

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"Rainy Season in the Tropics," by Frederic E. Church (see article by John Lear on page 49)

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

SHEPHERDING THE WIND

By John Lear

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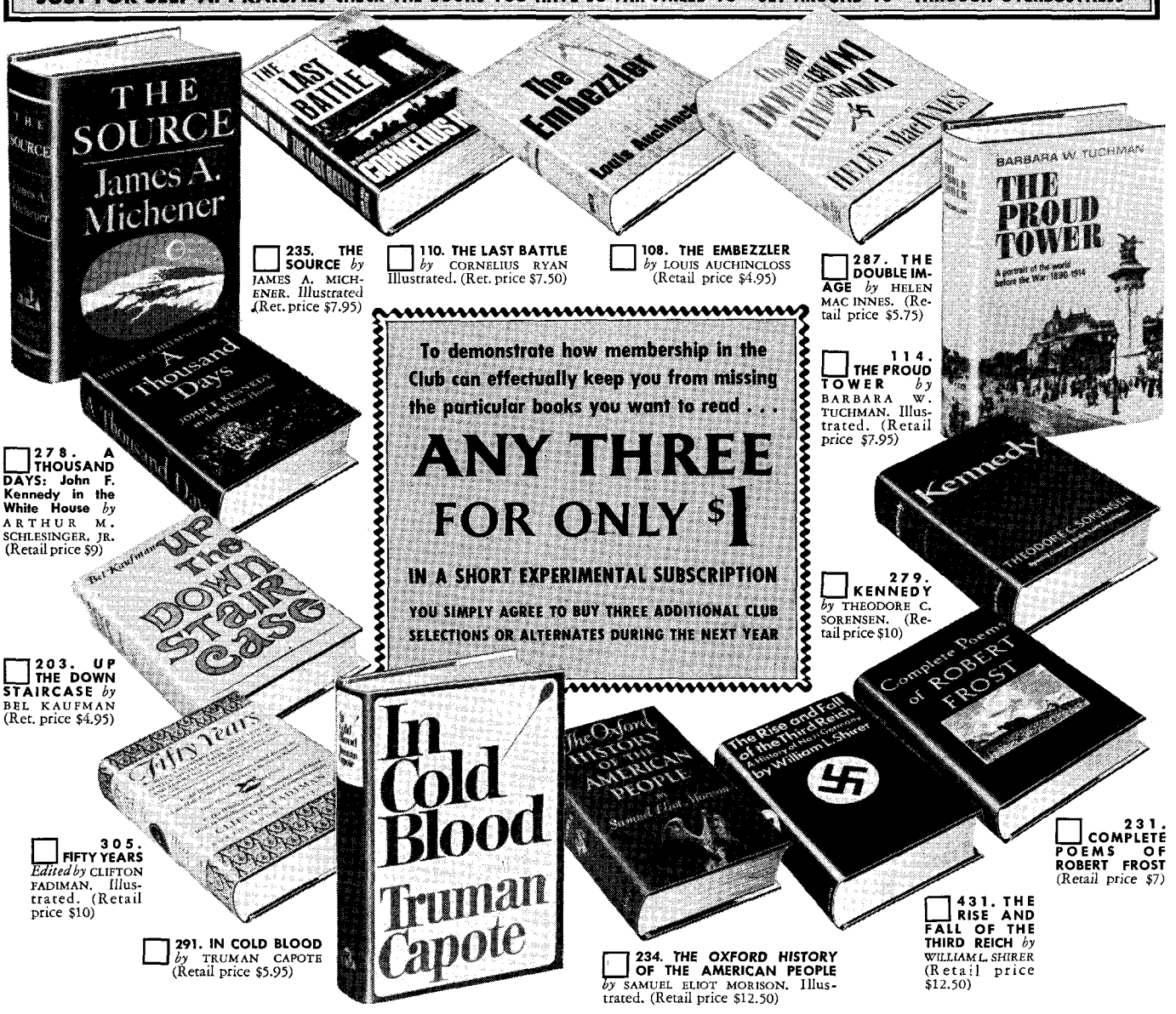

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(Advertisement)

Irving Petite is an established author of some renown in the Pacific Northwest. True, but it is a pity that some of his admirers tend to think of him only in this way, as a "regional writer," rather than as the extremely gifted nature writer that he is, Pacific Northwest or otherwise. He is not just a kind of special, rich flowering local plant. And his latest contribution, *The Best Time of Year*, proves it. The book is a positive joy.

Perhaps it isn't so much a book as it is nature playing on your senses: the bite of an axe into a tree trunk or the smell of skunk cabbage in a springtime marsh; the taste of a good cup of coffee on a bitter winter's night or the sight of oncoming rain sweeping down a mountainside. In short, it is all that adds up to the best time of year.

But for Irving Petite practically any time is the best time of year. For the past twenty years this man has lived close to the busy quiet of the natural life, like Thoreau, another local author. Petite lives on a ranch in the Cascade Mountain foothills of western Washington State—a rather nicely situated place to observe nature.

The Best Time of Year is a slice of nature as he has observed it. It is full of polliwogs and bees, fence post cutting and opossums, coyotes that climb trees (and shouldn't), a chicken hawk that couldn't make the first squad, and a bull with an Oedipus complex.

The author is not only a rancher but a rural mail carrier. I don't know how well he handles those other occupations. I do know that a lot of people will be very glad that he found time enough for his writing career to tell them about *The Best Time of Year*.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Best Time of Year ($3.95), by Irving Petite, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at one of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 724 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019.

Saturday Review

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Photo of cover painting by James Duggins

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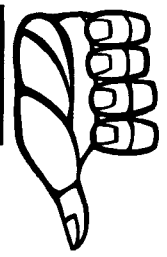

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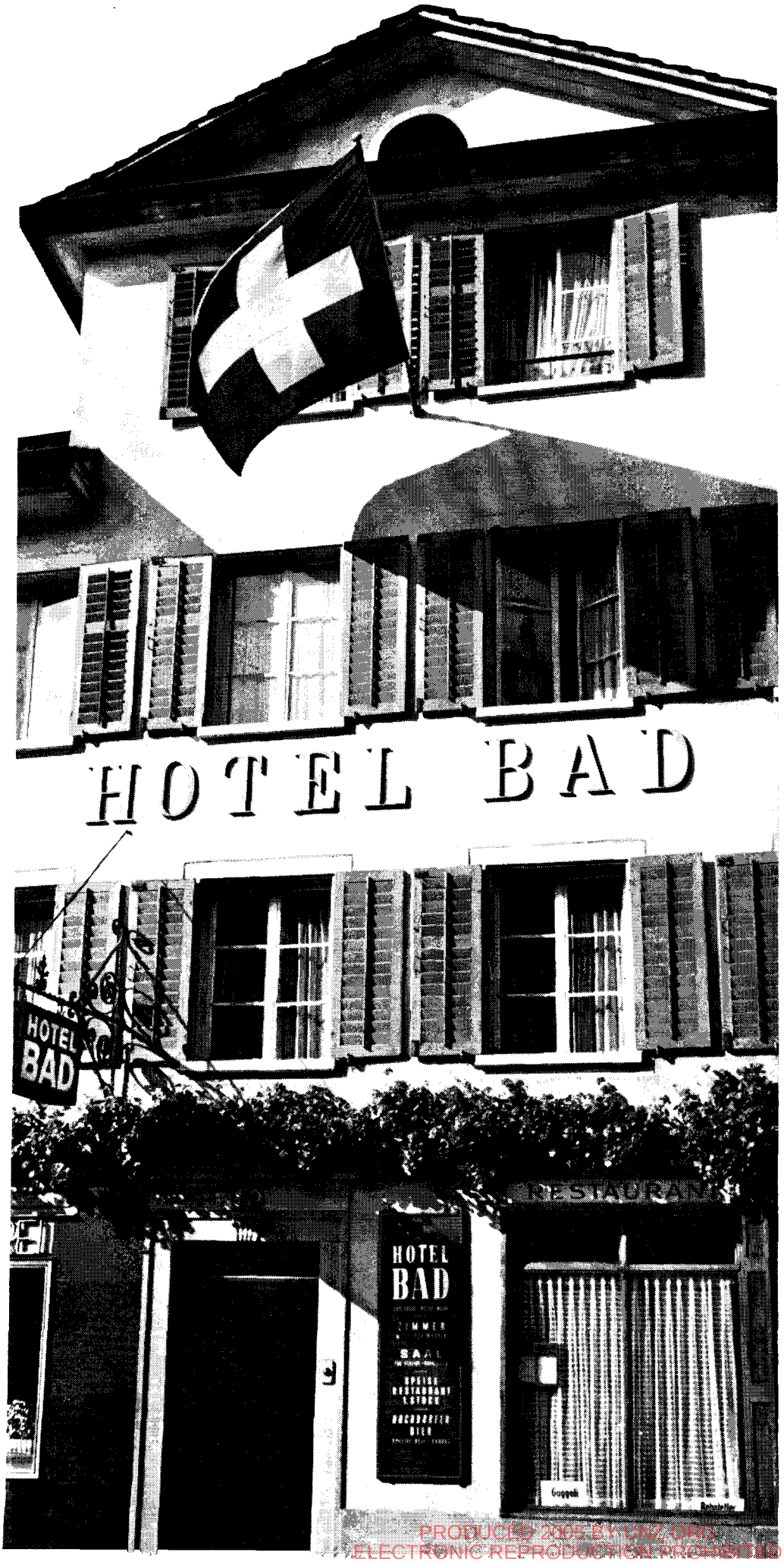

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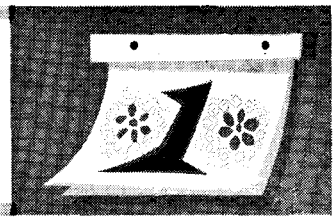

By CLEVELAND AMORY

MARCH WAS the month of Suharto and Sevigny, of Mossler and Munsinger, of Janet Flanner and Katherine Anne Porter, of James Dickey and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., of Samuel Bowles and the DuBois Clubs. And, in celebration of Prince Philip's visit, there was even a book called *The Wit of Prince Philip*. Sample: His appeal to a local photographer to stop following him around. "We have one," he said, "in the family already."

• • •

These wit books bother us. Roosevelt, Kennedy, Churchill, Stevenson, even Johnson—must *all* our leaders be witty, and always in a book? What it all means must be one of two things—either everybody today is that much wittier, or the world itself is that much funnier. And, you ask yourself, are they—or is it?

• • •

On the book front, it was not only the month of the book awards, it was also a month when it seemed to us a good time for an unaward. If so, our nomination goes to Mr. Kenneth Tynan, who, in reviewing Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*, charged that Mr. Capote ruthlessly gained the confidence of the killers and used them as literary objects instead of helping them as friends. "An influential writer of the first rank," said Mr. Tynan, "has been placed in a position of privileged intimacy with criminals about to die and—in my view—done less than he might have to save them." To which nonsense we can only add that if Mr. Capote had done one thing more, not only in his book but also in subsequent interviews and articles, to tell us how sorry he was for those killers, we would cheerfully have unread the book.

• • •

One author who coined a new word during the month was Jacqueline Suzanne, author of *Valley of the Dolls*—in which, in case you don't know, read for "dolls" not "girls" but "pills"—and for "pills" read not unattractive girls, but real pills. Got it? Well, watch it. It's habit-forming.

• • •

It was quite a month on the scientific front—particularly on the far-out front. At a meeting of scientists in New York, it was pointed out that because time, as measured on earth, slows down inside speeding spaceships, there is now the definite possibility that a man can explore vast expanses of the universe and then return to earth within his own lifetime—even though thousands of years of earth-time may have elapsed while he was away.

Which, surely, was perplexing for future space travelers—who might, say, leave home one day on a trip and come back and find their great-great-great-grandchildren. In any case, one physicist, the German Nobel Prize-winner Max Born, didn't seem very happy about it all. "This is truly," he said, "a strange deduction—which can, however, be avoided by no twist of reasoning. We must put up with it, just as, some centuries ago, it had to be accepted that our fellow creatures on the opposite side of the earth from us stood on their heads."

Gee, and for years we've been told the trouble with those countries on the other side of the world was they wouldn't stand on their own two feet. And all the time, maybe they couldn't. They were standing on their heads. Which is, of course, what makes *under*standing them so difficult. What we should be doing, obviously, is *over*standing them.

• • •

From London during the month scientific predictions flew thick and fast. Dr. John Napier, anthropologist of the Royal Free Hospital School of Medicine in London, declared that within three or four hundred years, it will be almost impossible to differentiate between boys and girls. He pointed out that, among our ancestors, the male gorilla and the male baboon were twice the size of their respective females, and that even among cavemen the men were mostly muscles and the women were mostly bosoms. "The trouble began," Dr. Napier went on, "when the warrior and hunter became the working man, and the bearer of children became a companion." Well, as we've always said, *Vive*, if not *la différence*, at least *la compagnie*.

In any case, some three or four hundred years from now, Dr. Napier foresees both men and women between six and seven feet tall, with the same boyish silhouette. Oh, come on now, doc—we can just barely put up with some of

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This April is more than pretty Easter eggs.

Easter and Passover with their promises of rebirth and freedom will be celebrated on television this month. But in a divided world, television also looks at current crises: the spread of nuclear weapons, Red China, and the war in Vietnam.

And April means Spring, too. The Oscars. Income Tax. Baseball and Brubeck.

Even pretty Easter eggs. That's what's so fascinating about television.

Special Programs for the Holy Days

Change My Name to Life
America's help to Jewish refugees and the rebirth of Israel.
Sunday, April 3 (10-11 AM)

Home for Passover
From a Sholem Aleichem story.
Sunday, April 3 (12:30-1 PM)

The Horse and His Rider
Passover drama by Joseph Mindel.
Sunday, April 3 (1-1:30 PM)

The Thunder of Conscience
Peace symposium with international churchmen.
Sunday, April 10 (10-11 AM)

The Easter Angel
A contemporary drama.
Sunday, April 10 (1-1:30 PM)

Music of the Resurrection
From the Holy Family Church.
Sunday, April 10 (2-3 PM)

Other Programs of Special Interest

Vietnam: The Home Front
The public's attitudes toward controversial issues raised by the war.
Friday, April 1 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The Twentieth Century
Integration: Military Style; Jackpot in Libya; The American Draftee; Warsaw Uprising.
Sundays, April 3, 10, 17, 24 (6-6:30 PM)

The Congo: Victim of Independence
The path to nationhood, threatened by crises and power struggles.
Sunday, April 3 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Mary Martin at Eastertime
With the Radio City Music Hall Rockettes, Ballet and Chorus.
Sunday, April 3 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The National Income Tax Test
A quiz on the Federal Internal Revenue Service's annual "event."
Tuesday, April 5 (10-11 PM)

Revolution of the 3 R's
Examines the latest innovations in educational approaches.
Thursday, April 7 (10-11 PM)

A Visit to Washington With Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson
The First Lady serves as guide to national monuments and shrines.
Sunday, April 10 (4-5 PM)

Masters Golf Tournament
From Augusta, Georgia.
Saturday, April 9 (5-6 PM)
Sunday, April 10 (4-5:30 PM)

Sounds of Alienation
The words of Kierkegaard to background of 20th Century jazz.
Sunday, April 17 (10:30-11 AM)

Countdown to Zero
A White Paper on the proliferation of nuclear weapons.
Sunday, April 17 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Oscar Awards
Annual Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences presentation.
Monday, April 18 (10 PM to conclusion)

Testing: Right, Left or Center
Viewers at home define and evaluate their political leanings.
Wednesday, April 20 (10-11 PM)

The Poppy is Also a Flower
Princess Grace, Rita Hayworth, Yul Brynner in play on UN narcotics work.
Friday, April 22 (7:30-9 PM)

The Surprising Middle West
A regional portrait with Dave Brubeck, Vince Lombardi, Tyrone Guthrie.
Monday, April 25 (9-10 PM)

Lamp at Midnight
Jason Robards, Jr. stars in drama based on Galileo's life.
Wednesday, April 27 (7:30-9 PM)

Red China: Year of the Gun?
China's relationship with the West.
Wednesday, April 27 (10-11 PM)

The World of Jacques Yves Cousteau
Shows men living under water for a month, exploring the Red Sea's depths.
Thursday, April 28 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday:
Today/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays:
CBS Reports

Saturdays:
Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/The First Look/Exploring/Wide World of Sports/ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam

Sundays:
Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions '66/Issues and Answers/Frontiers of Faith/Sports Spectacular/American Sportsman/Sports in Action/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/Vietnam Report/The Twentieth Century/The Frank McGee Report/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: Times (NYT), programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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those boyish silhouettes we've got now—without waiting until they get seven feet tall.

Anyway, as a man with a son in a pop music group, Dr. Napier declares that even today, as he puts it, "Young girls more often get hysterical over men on the weedy side."

Well, look at it this way. You can't have everything. In the old days, it used to be tweedy.

• • •

As if all this weren't enough science for one month, also from over in London, from the famous science fiction writer Arthur C. Clarke, came still other predictions of things to come. By 1970, Dr. Clarke predicts space laboratories; by 1980 landings on other planets; by 2000 the colonization of other planets; by 2030 human contact with extra-terrestrials; by 2060 the creation of artificial life. Furthermore, by 2080 he predicts that machine intelligence will overtake man's, and by 2090 he predicts—now fasten your seat belts—by 2090, we repeat, he predicts immortality.

Gee, by 2090, immortality! Won't that be the greatest? Boy, that'll be a *Big* story. But, you know, when you get to thinking about it, we see a few bugs.

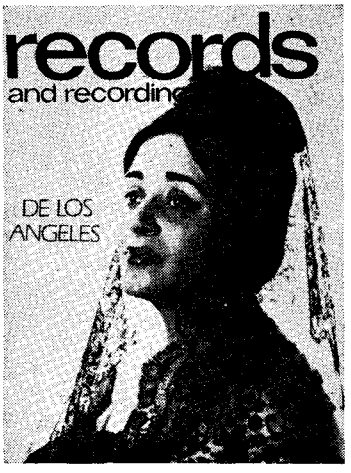
We don't mean to be picky, but how old are we going to be on the Big Day? Do we get to pick how old we're going to be—or is it all just going to be happenstance—higgledy piggledy?

No, we feel there ought to be some planning. And, speaking of planning, isn't it going to work a terrible hardship on all those population explosion experts? Suppose they get all the plans worked out, with careful controls—and then along comes some joker and, so to speak, opens the floodgates.

Also, we must be practical. Should immortality really be for *everybody*? Shouldn't it be earned—with *some* incentive? We've gone along with social security from the cradle to the grave, but this is ridiculous. It's not the American Way. After all, we still owe something to the people who've gone on before—before—well, just before.

And speaking of just before, take the year 2089, one year before Der Tag. How would you like to get terribly ill on the last day of December 2089? You call your doctor and what does he tell you? He tells you he doesn't make house calls! Well, after all, you can't blame him. In another few days, he won't have to.

Finally, of course, there are always going to be—you should pardon the expression—the die-hards. You know the kind. Whatever it is, he's against it. What do we do with him? Under this new program we can't get rid of him. We'll have to listen to him *forever*, unless he should just happen to have an accident—in 2089.



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BOOKS

Nonfiction

THE LAST BATTLE, Cornelius Ryan. Simon & Schuster, $7.50 (*SR*, Mar. 26)—Recreates, largely through eyewitness accounts, the last twenty-one days of the European phase of World War II, including the bizarre bungling that led to the division of Berlin.

THE MEMOIRS OF FIELD-MARSHAL KEITEL, ed. by Walter Görlitz; tr. by David Irving. Stein & Day, $7.95 (*SR*, Mar. 5)—An invaluable account by Hitler's second in command (who was later hanged) of affairs backstage from 1938 until the last days in the bunker.

GARIBALDI AND HIS ENEMIES: THE CLASH OF ARMS AND PERSONALITIES IN THE MAKING OF ITALY, Christopher Hibbert. Little, Brown, $7.50 (*SR*, Mar. 5)—Concentrates on people and events rather than ideas and conditions, but does so with verve.

CHILDREN OF ALLAH, Agnes Newton Keith. Atlantic-Little, Brown, $6.95 (*SR*, Mar. 5)—Recounts the author's nine years in Libya as the wife of an FAO official, the many friendships she made, and the transformation that occurred in the country when oil was discovered in 1959.

THE CAVE AND THE MOUNTAIN: A STUDY OF E. M. FORSTER, Wilfred Stone. Stanford University Press, $8.95 (*SR*, Mar. 5)—One of the more significant books on the novelist and one that includes interesting facts about his Egyptian period.

FOR A NEW NOVEL: ESSAYS ON FICTION, Alain Robbe-Grillet; tr. from the French by Richard Howard. Grove, $3.95 (*SR*, Mar. 12)—Those to whom the *nouveau roman* is rough going may find courage, after reading this interesting explanation of its aims and techniques, to have another try at it.

THE GLASS HOUSE, James Wadsworth. Praeger, $4.95 (*SR*, Mar. 19)—The former U.S. representative to the U.N. examines the difficulties in obtaining world peace and looks forward to the day when national sovereignty may be transcended.

THIS KIND OF PEACE, T. R. Fehrenbach. McKay, $6.50 (*SR*, Mar. 19)—The author and critic tackles the same problem but is skeptical that any natural harmony of interests is possible; he therefore insists that nations have no choice but to pursue their own goals.

DEEP IN MY HEART, William M. Kuntsler. Morrow, $4.95 (*SR*, Mar. 12)—Records, in a way that makes the blood boil, the experiences of a New York attorney in defending civil rights workers in Southern courts.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SURREALISM, Ferdinand Alquié; tr. from the French by Bernard Waldrop. University of Michigan Press, $5.95 (*SR*, Mar. 12)— Describes the foundations of post-World War I esthetic ideology that has influenced the new novel, the avant-garde cinema, and the Theater of the Absurd.

HAGANAH, Munya M. Mardor; tr. from the Hebrew by H. A. G. Schmuckler; ed. by D. R. Elston. New American Library, $5.95 (*SR*, Mar. 26)—Unveils the secret activities of Israel's underground army from the period of the British Mandate through independence.

POLICIES TOWARD CHINA: VIEWS FROM SIX CONTINENTS, ed. by A. M. Halpern. McGraw-Hill, $9.95 (*SR*, Mar. 26)—Studies under the auspices of the Council on Foreign Relations offer unexpected insights into the motivations controlling the attitude of various nations toward the China problem.

Fiction

COUNTRY OF THE YOUNG, Marvin Schiller. Crown, $4.95 (*SR*, Mar. 5)—A notable first novel that deals with youth, love, compromise, and maturity as though beauty of language and building of character still matter.

SOME DOVES AND PYTHONS, Sumner Locke Elliott. Harper & Row, $4.95 (*SR*, Mar. 5)—A true-to-life story, well told, of a weekend during which the head of a literary and theatrical agency plays hostess to some of her deviate and devious clients.

A WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE, Benjamin Capps. Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $4.95 (*SR*, Mar. 19)—In this vivid and valid account a girl, taken captive by Comanches in 1854 at the age of ten, tries desperately to avoid becoming an Indian as she grows up.

QUOTA, Vercors; tr. from the French by Rita Barisse. Putnam, $4.95 (*SR*, Mar. 12)—Manages, wittily, to say something different about supersalesmanship, hidden persuaders, and other appurtenances of the American way.

FOOTBRIDGES AND ABYSSES, Aloyzas Baronas; tr. from the Lithuanian by J. Zemkalnis. Manyland Books, $5 (*SR*, Mar. 26)—The Lithuanian experience in World War II is described with terror and alleviating nature poetry by a twenty-seven-year-old boy forced into a labor camp.

ART

Exhibitions

TURNER: IMAGINATION AND REALITY, Museum of Modern Art, New York. Lent chiefly by London museums, this exhibition is a full-scale survey of work by the dazzling English precursor of impressionism.

PRINTS: 1800-1945, Minneapolis Institute of Arts. A major loan exhibition of etchings, engravings, woodcuts, and lithographs by more than 100 outstanding European and American artists traces the development of modern printmaking.

JAPAN ART FESTIVAL, Union Carbide Building, New York. Contemporary Japanese art including paintings, woodblock prints, calligraphy, sculpture, ceramics, lacquerware, textiles, and folk art are effectively seen in an installation designed by Japan's distinguished modern architect, Kenzo Tange. Closes April 23.

TREASURES OF TIKAL, Museum of Primitive Art, New York. Highly refined Mayan objects from Tikal, famous Pre-Columbian archeological site, cover the years 200 B.C. to 1000 A.D. Lent by the Tikal Museum in Guatemala, the collection has been excavated during the last ten years. Closes April 17.

THEATER

SERJEANT MUSGRAVE'S DANCE (*SR*, Mar. 26)—A deeply evocative experience is provided by a new playwright.

THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE (*SR*, Jan. 15)—Magnificent theater.

INADMISSIBLE EVIDENCE (*SR*, Dec. 18)—John Osborne's latest in this country is an all-out theatrical statement, naked and shattering yet ultimately soaring above the desperation it so relentlessly presents.

THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN (*SR*, Nov. 13)—One of the season's most thrilling, most imaginative, and most beautiful events.

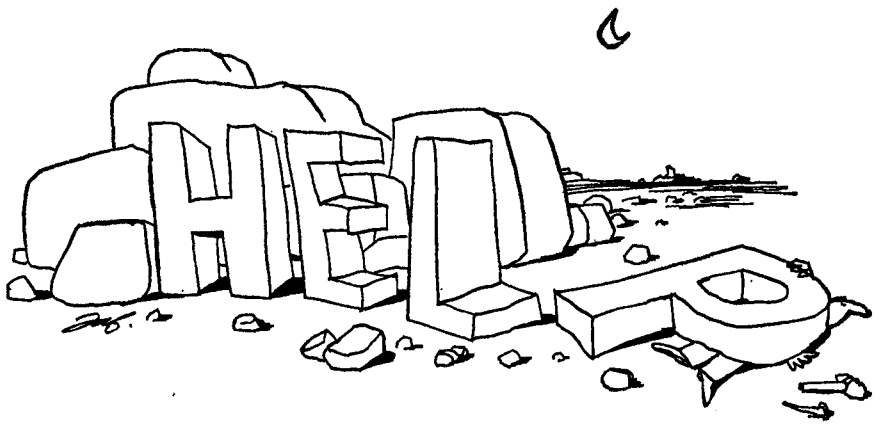
PHILADELPHIA, HERE I COME! (*SR*, Mar. 5)—Honestly assesses two unsatisfactory civilizations: inhibited and materially impoverished Ireland and its opposite, America.

CACTUS FLOWER, MAN OF LA MANCHA.

MOVIES

HARPER (*SR*, Mar. 12)—Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall, Julie Harris, Arthur Hill, Shelley Winters, and others, in a non-Bond thriller that has much of the crispness and proficiency of *The Big Sleep* and *The Maltese Falcon*.

THE GROUP (*SR*, Mar. 26)—An honest look at the Depression and the lives of some feminine college graduates that turn out altogether different from what each had envisioned.



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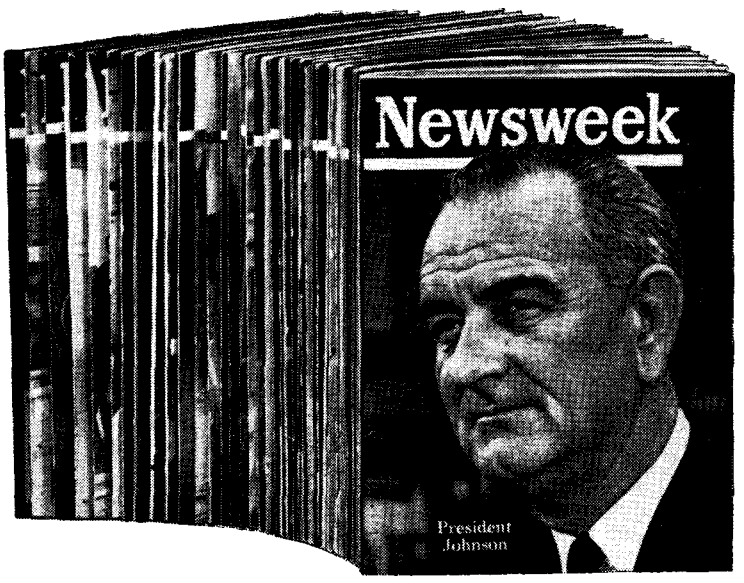

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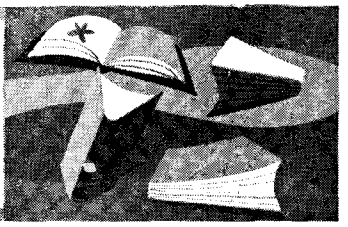
Trade Winds



You're not likely to run into the word "clerihew" too often, in either your morning paper or your alphabet soup. It's a full-fledged dictionary word, however, derived from an English writer by the name of Edmund Clerihew Bentley, who made the mistake of inventing the form of verse bearing his middle name. This

questionable art form consists of a humorous, pseudo-biographical quatrain, having lines of unequal length, and supposed to rhyme in an aabb pattern. A man by the name of Arthur Asa Berger brought a distorted form of this to our attention some time ago, and from the amount of interest it has stirred among *SR* readers, it would have been better had Mr. Berger remained silent and entombed in his own clerihews.

Pushing hard for honors in the questionable field of this endeavor is William Kite, whom we are unofficially crowning the pseudo-poet laureate of Bala-Cynwyd, Pennsylvania, from whence he comes. He has become so enamored with clerihews that he cleaves the air with such abrasive potpourri as:

Genghis
Khan;
But Immanuel
Kant.

But this is only the beginning. He continues with:

James's wife
Loved Barrie;
But John's wives
Loved Barrymore.

Not content with clerihews that merely comment, he builds a scene to decorate the background. He asks us to picture an American philosopher waiting impatiently in the early-morning mist on a streetcorner in Edinburgh for a Scottish highlander to keep his appointment:

John
Was Dewey
When Roderick
Was Dhu.

As if this weren't enough of an indignity he adds this squirmer:

Ali
Was Baba;
But the little elephant
Was Babar.

Noting the tendency for professional clerihew writers to gravitate toward Whittier as a subject, he seals this futile trend off with:

Clinton
Was de Witt;
But John Greenleaf
Was de Whittier.

Finally, after leaving a wide swath of irreparable damage in English literature, he states that some clear-cut rules have got to be established, or else the fully suspecting public will be deluged with things like this:

The Admiral
Was a Byrd;
But Tebbetts
Was a Birdie.

He is absolutely right about the rules. Other *SR* readers are violating them, if indeed there ever were any, with unbridled arrogance. Take Michael Rubin, for instance. He creates such insufferable, misshapen monstrosities as:

Donald
Was Meek;
But Ralph
Is Meeker.

If Ella
Raines;
How come the Prince
Is Rainier?

Not much further down the scale from Mr. Rubin is Barbara Branson, who has written:

Charles
Was the Lamb
That Frank
Led to Slaughter.

Another reader by the name of Ruth Geary must have felt so strong a wave of guilt for perpetuating such literary ribaldry that she forgot to put her return address on her letter. She contributes:

Edward
Is the Teller;
But Tallulah
Is the Bankhead.

Daniel
Was Defoe;
But Hugo
Was the Victor.

Ezra
Is a Pound;
But Robert
Was a Fulton.

Werner Von
Is the Braun;
But John
Is the Braine.

Then, to add the final deadly blow, she moves into a triple-tonguing blockbuster with:

Lucius
Was a Beebe
And the Captain
Was a Kidd;
But Thomas
Was a Mann.

We are considering suitable punitive measures for this kind of imposition on the reading public but have not yet come up with a constructive legal procedure that could successfully bar this literary form forever. A quarantine is ineffective, and yet this sort of thing is so virulent that the citizenry needs urgent protection, not only from clerihews, but from other derivative forms springing from them.

For instance, Ann Kimball Pipe is already at work on another form that promises to stir the startled air and mock man's dignity. Her thoughts run to literary malaise.

"Writers used to be a sickly lot," she says. "Bret had a bad Harte, John a Bunyan. Robert suffered from Burns and Thomas lived in Paine. Graham looked Greene, Thomas Gray, and H. Rider Haggard. Erskine could hardly be Caldwell, and George was not sick Orwell. Only Edward Everett and Thomas were Hale and Hardy."

—John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1668)

Walter Sullivan:
WE ARE NOT ALONE

William Ralph Inge, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and known as the Gloomy Dean for his criticisms of modern life, considered it intolerably presumptuous to believe that spiritual life exists only on this planet.

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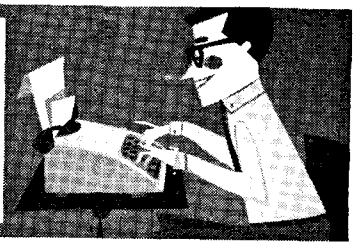
Top of My Head



Live from Vietnam

NEW YORK (UPI) – *The president of the American Broadcasting Company predicted that American television viewers may one day watch the Vietnam war as it happens.*

Leonard H. Goldenson said communications satellites could bring 95 per cent of the earth into range for "live" telecasts.

"It may even be possible to set up a transportable ground station in Saigon to permit direct transmissions via satellites from Vietnam," he said.

Commenting on current TV coverage of the Vietnam war, Goldenson said: "Television has been criticized for some of its coverage of the war in Vietnam. We have been told it is 'too shocking' or 'too brutal.' But after all that's what war is all about."

He made his remarks in a talk before the American Legion.

THE SCENE is a TV program executive's office. A couple of vice presidents are Monday morning quarterbacking:

"Jim, did you catch the war last night?"

"Yeh, I caught it."

"Wasn't that the greatest?"

"Yeh, I guess so. I mean if you like wars."

"Oh, come on, Jim, it's been on a week now in that 7:30 to 8 spot. It's gonna build into the top ten any day now. The *Times* gave it a great review."

"That's what I'm afraid of. When those newspaper critics like something it's nowhere."

"What's not to like? We're bringing the war right into their living rooms—and *live*. The viewers can feel the excitement of knowing what they see is actually happening right now, the minute they see it. It's for real."

"You mean when a guy drops—bang—he's not acting."

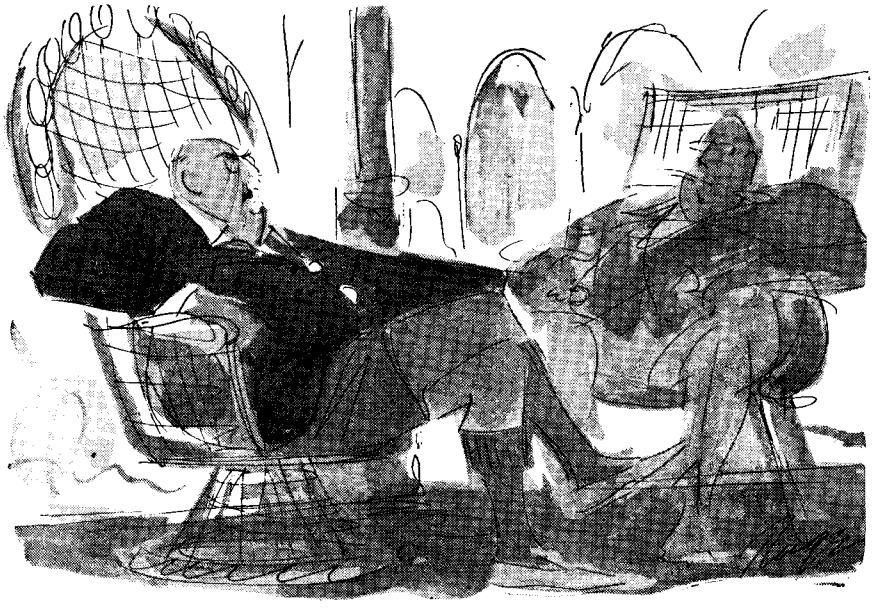
"That's the point. It's our first bona fide chance to get some violence in since *The Untouchables*. You better climb aboard, boy—with the rest of us. The old man's really hot on this one. It's going to outrate anything they throw in against us."

"I don't know, Fred. It started off like it would. But the last two days it didn't hold up. I don't see that big rating thing unless we hypo it with some guest stars."

"You mean guest soldiers?"

"Or officers. It needs big names. Somebody to bring you some points in the rating."

"Hey, good thinking, Jim. Who'd you have in mind? John Wayne maybe?"



"As I got older I discovered happiness wasn't necessary."

"For one of the older officers he might do. But we got to get to the kids—7:30, you know."

"Yeh, that's right. OK. Did you catch George Hamilton on *Hullabaloo* the other night?"

"He would be OK. Or how about George Maharis – he's not doing anything now. Or Ben Gazzara for a shot or two."

"No, I don't think so—Gazzara's got that *Run for Your Life* tag on him. And in a war show—"

"Yes, I see what you mean. But you get what I mean—we need a built-in rating to put this show over. If it doesn't get it quick off it goes and the old man will order another evening of *Batman*."

"I get your pitch, Jim. I'll go in and sell 'em this afternoon. Names are what puts wars over. Look at World War I with Buddy Rogers."

"And Richard Arlen."

"Right – remember the big scene in that one?"

"Yeh—'You're not gonna send a kid like this up in a crate like that!'"

"That's what we need—tension, somebody to pull for. Oh, we're all pulling for the same side—but some one person each night that you know and love and can root for. You know he's off in the wild blue to bomb—and you wonder if he'll make it back."

"That's it, Fred. That's one of the things I missed in the show this first week. All we saw was action—nobody explained what the military objective was—the strategy."

"A narrator—right, Jim?"

"And right on the field of action. You can feel he's in there fighting with the boys."

"Got it! Eric Sevareid!"

"No, no. Good man, Eric. I like him. But don't forget the kids—a younger guy—how about Brinkley?"

"Good. A touch of humor never hurt anybody. That's it – big names. Big names, big ratings. I mean who've they had so far—Henry Cabot Lodge."

"And he's overexposed. Did OK when he had his own show—that United Nations thing he did. But that was before today's kids were kids. I like this now more than ever. I'll put it to the old man right on the line. If he doesn't let us book big names this war could be canceled before it runs the full twenty-six weeks."

"I think that's a little strong, Jim. I mean canceling the war—wouldn't that depend on what the United Nations wanted to do?"

"Yeh, but even they wouldn't want an unpopular war. And the first thing you know we'll have peace."

"And I wouldn't be surprised if the old man wouldn't try to make a series out of peace."

"Man, dullsville!"

—GOODMAN ACE.

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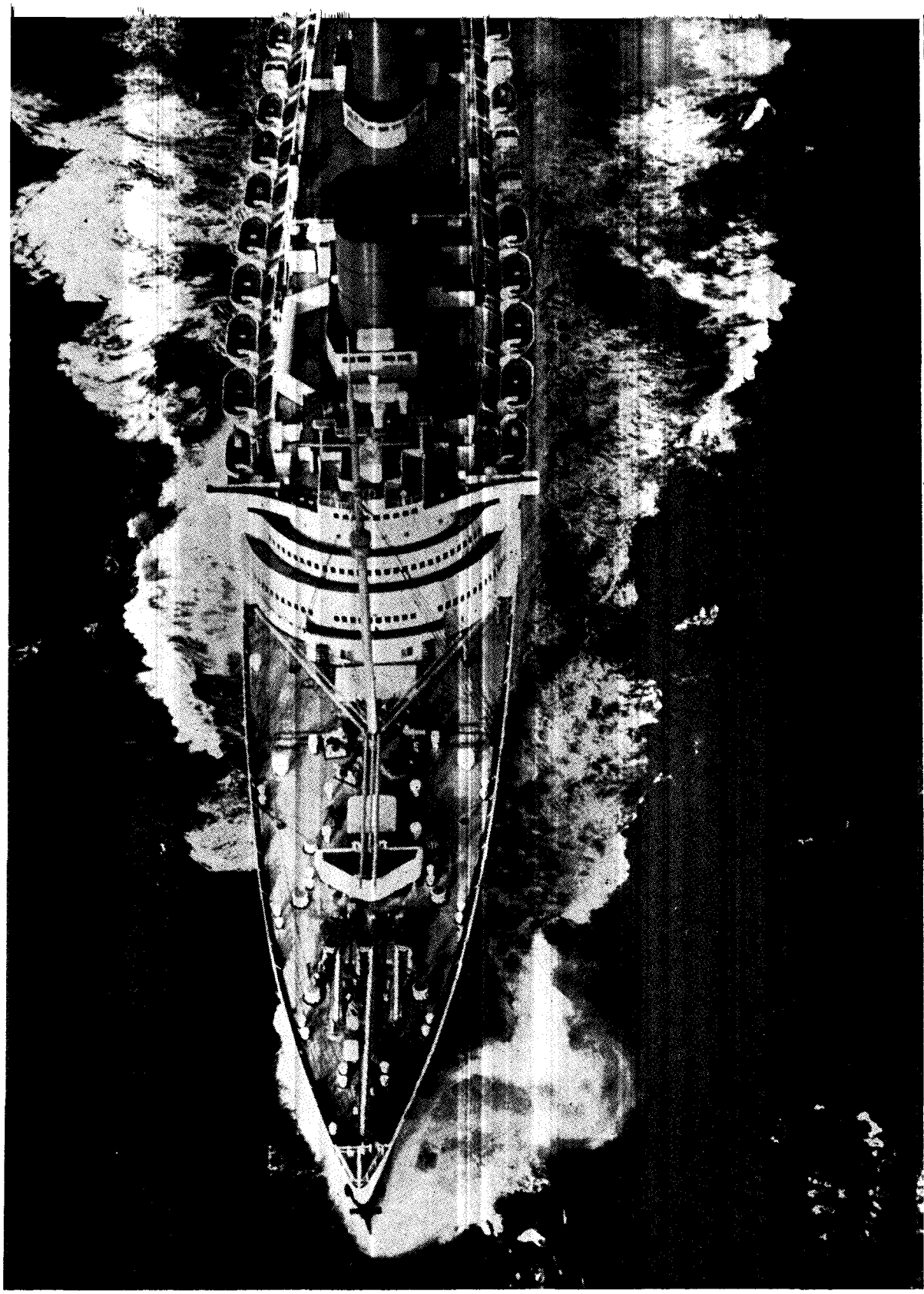

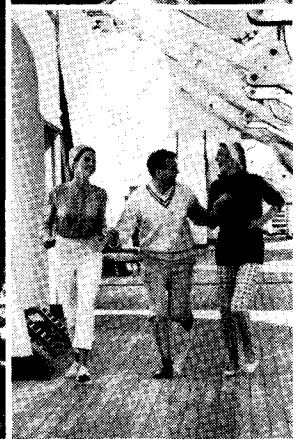

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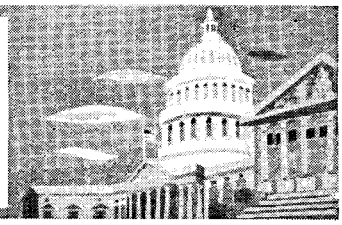
State of Affairs



The View from Germany

FRANKFURT, WEST GERMANY.

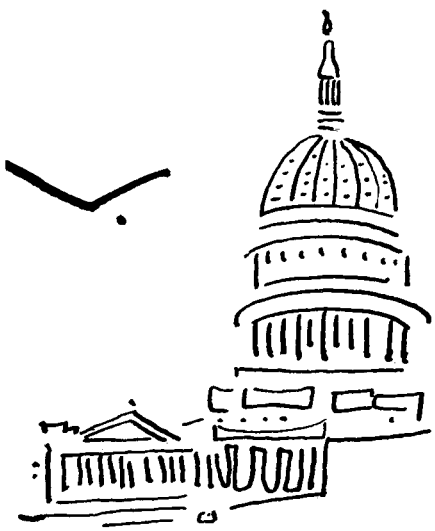
SENATOR WILLIAM FULBRIGHT has become something of a hero in Europe. The Vietnam and China hearings have received enormous publicity as well as exposure on television, and since Europeans are a little suspicious of the Johnson *nouvelle vague* of consensus they applaud anyone who has the courage to resist the White House bulldozer. (Senator Robert Kennedy's dissent was not received with the same feeling, perhaps because the press saw it more as a move to advance his own political fortunes.)

However, the massive exposure that the views of the opposition have received has also created an exaggerated impression of the extent of the dissent in America from President Johnson's policies. People do not realize that what shapes American public opinion is on one hand the fact that parents, who themselves still have vivid recollections of the last war, now see their children sent into a new one; that many students are forced to interrupt their studies; that many well-launched careers suddenly have to be cut short. And there are of course the caskets that come back from the war. There is, on the other hand, the fact that American patriotism and pride run very deep and that when either or both are challenged there is a tendency to close ranks in support of the President.

But in many ways I find that since I was last here, three months ago, people are less afraid that the war may get out of control. There is a realization that President Johnson is trying to hew to a middle course. What is not understood, though, is that this middle course is popular neither with the extremists on the left nor with those on the right and that this makes his task difficult.

Whatever feeling the Europeans have about the American involvement in Vietnam, it is that of detached observers. They see the war as an American responsibility; thus all attempts of the U.S. Government to get European governments more directly engaged are bound to fail and might as well be abandoned. Perhaps the greatest psychological mistake the Johnson Administration made was to attempt to pressure the West German government into sending regular combat troops to Saigon. The request was turned down firmly by Chancellor Erhard. Yet it has left a bitter aftertaste with many Europeans. The proposition that the principle of integration of the West German forces into NATO, one of the basic reasons that made German rearmament acceptable to other West European governments, should be violated for the sake of sending independent German military units to Vietnam made people doubt the soundness of American judgment. The idea of seeing German forces, however negligible, used outside Europe still goes very much against the grain of European thinking. It would probably appeal to some German officers and perhaps some right-wing elements but, at least for the time being, it makes most other Germans uncomfortable. The American request was also considered insensitive because German participation in the fighting on what is currently the most active front in the East-West struggle could engender Communist counterpressures in Europe, which up to now has not been affected by the Vietnamese war. There has been no attempt on the part of the Russians to stir up new tensions in Europe as a form of retaliation.

THE Germans are, of course, worried that they can be accused of failing to help their most important ally. It embarrasses them and makes them uneasy. And they are naturally asking themselves whether their refusal to support the Americans militarily in Vietnam might not have repercussions on U.S. policy toward Germany. But the feeling that West Germany must not in any way allow itself to be accused of having broadened the crisis is strong. How strong was evident from the editorial comment in the Frankfurter *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which suggested that if Bonn's rejection of the American request means that the United States will transfer some of its units from Germany to the Vietnamese front, Germans will have to accept such a move without protest. And there is nothing the Germans like less than to see a reduction of American military strength in Germany.



In France the United States is getting the least sympathy for its plight in Vietnam. The French in their heart of hearts would not want to see someone else succeed where they had failed. But they also remember—and no one should underrate that particular aspect—what a traumatic experience the defeat in Indochina was to them.

The British government has given the United States more outspoken support, at least morally, than any other European government. But all prods to send armed support have been turned down. The British feel that militarily they are doing their duty in the confrontation with Indonesia, which is still pinning down over 50,000 of their troops. There are many socialist members of Parliament who resent the support Mr. Wilson has given President Johnson over Vietnam and it is therefore something of an intra-party problem for him. But as far as British public opinion in general is concerned Vietnam is no issue; it hardly figures in the election campaign. The prevailing attitude is that if the Americans feel they must fight that war, they must have some good reason.

This does not mean, though, that there is any strong conviction in support of the United States objective in Vietnam in Britain or in Europe. There are many reasons for this. Perhaps the principal one is that it detracts American attention from Europe; that is the feeling in Germany at least. In the rest of Western Europe the assumption is that it interferes with the détente between the West and the Soviet Union. There is also a mixture of simple anti-war feeling, anti-Americanism, and distaste generated by the many repulsive war pictures similar to those Americans have seen in their own newspapers. But essentially, the feeling probably is that Asia is far away, further perhaps than it used to be when the British, the French, and the Dutch had their own stakes there. It is a feeling that results from the end of the era of imperialism and colonialism. And with memories of the past still vivid, the Europeans are therefore asking: What are the American aims in Vietnam?

—HENRY BRANDON.

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Some people think dancing is for kids,
find Rome dull,
and never fall in love after the age of 23.

Some people should never fly with us.

We fly to 85 cities in 51 countries all over the world.
Yet, most of our passengers all speak the same language.
It has nothing to do with where they live.
It has a lot to do with knowing how to live.
So, if you'd like to fly from New York, Boston, Chicago, or Montreal to London, Lisbon, Milan, and Rome, we hope you'll ask your travel agent whether you qualify to fly with us.

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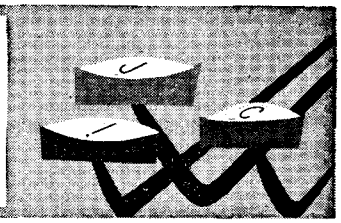
Manner of Speaking



Notes: The Big Idea: Not long ago in this column I muddied the springs of choice with a few thoughts about New York, about my neighbors there, and about why I do not want to know them ("New York: Don't Say Hello," *SR*, Feb. 12).

Shortly before writing that column I had spent a few days in my wife's hometown, which is Frankford, Missouri, population (a guess) plus or minus 450. They are good, honest, friendly, hearty folk in Frankford, and taken in fractions of 450 or so, I like them and enjoy being with them. Though I confess to having been a bit stunned one summer when I drove the seven miles in from the farm to get a haircut at Roy Ruffin's, and drove back to be greeted by my mother-in-law with the day's news: "I hear you've been handing out twenty-five-cent tips!"

As I recall the transaction, the haircut had come to something like seventy-five cents and I had automatically waved away the change. I have always wanted to be the last of the big-time spenders, but I had hardly expected my magnanimous gesture to be flashed to all points on the party line!

The PLBS (Party Line Broadcasting System) served as a pleasant enough joke for that afternoon. Back in New York, however, I found myself thinking I did not really want my neighbors to know about me in that sort of detail. A small town is a friendly place to visit, but I just don't want to live there. Nor do I want to live in New York on small-town premises. Being entirely visible to a few hundred people is one thing: being entirely visible to eight and a half million nighttime New Yorkers and to another eight million or so commuters would be unbearable.

Had I thought of it at the time of the writing, I would certainly have added a further sentiment received from Louis Sherwin, writing from The Players (and thank you, sir, and agreed:)

> You might have added that another point to the credit of the true New Yorker is that he is not a dropper-inner. A civilized man, before paying a visit without invitation, telephones to ascertain whether or not his visit will be (a) convenient (b) agreeable.

These views, I submit, are sufficiently self-evident. I want the anonymity granted me by the millions of New Yorkers around me, and I return them the grant of their own anonymity as part of a sound and necessary social contract. It occurs to me, as a matter of fact, that I never look at panhandlers when I give them money. I am ready enough to recognize their need. I just don't want to see their faces: why should the needy, or even the conniving, not have the right to remain anonymous?

I VIOLATED that rule just once, and in Boston rather than New York. I was staying at the old Copley-Plaza, now a Sheraton, and had strolled across the street to the liquor store, emerging with a wrapped bottle in my hand, to be met by a shuffling wino. "How about buying me a drink?" he said. I reached into my pocket and came up with the one coin I could find—a fifty-cent piece. He took it but stood firm. "That won't buy a bottle of wine," he said. He had me there. My own bottle was in my hand: why shouldn't he have his? I dug again and came up with a dollar bill. "Drink hearty," I said, and this time I looked at him, and I will swear to this day that I was looking at Albert Einstein, the face sunk a bit out of focus, the chin stubbly, and still the face. I do not know what thought this is. Nor will I do as the most delicate man in town. But I was sorry I had looked. Let all those who are lost and damned to their own thirst be given what they need to die of as they must and will. But let them pass without faces. Why should I offend the man with pity when all he wants of me is a drink?

I shall not pretend that I entirely understand this feeling about the self-damned. The preference for anonymity in the otherwise asphyxiating crowd, however, seems a matter of simple necessity, and such was the simple burden of my remarks.

But nothing is allowed to stay simple once the amateur intellectuals have found it. My remarks called forth an extraordinary number of letters, a few from ministers and most of the rest from college students, the gentler of the letters asking me if I was familiar with Harvey Cox's *The Secular City*, the harsher of them accusing me of having plagiarized my remarks from him. Harvey Cox, it seems, has had things to say about metropolitan mores.

To all letter writers let me say I am sorry I have not read Harvey Cox. My curiosity now piqued, I shall look forward to getting a copy of the book, though with a desk full of manuscripts that must be worked on I am in danger of contracting writer's illiteracy. But let me confess to a touch of astonishment—if astonishment may be said to come in touches; a brush of thunder, so to speak.

What astonishes me in this burst of correspondence is the assumption that the obvious cannot be arrived at except through a bibliography. Shucks, children, if you have to read socio-theological treatises in order to see the fetishistic noses on your totemistic faces, why then the tribe is in a bad way for improvisers of whatever magic it means to concoct. I am, believe me, delighted to know that you are reading, but let me suggest that no book is any good unless now and then you look up from it and take a good inquiring look at your roommate or at your own face in the mirror. We are all strange specimens when looked at by the right curiosity. And we are all capable of inciting to idea when looked at by eyes that are prepared to see idea. Books are great preparers of the right eyes to see with. But let me believe they are not the world itself but properly assistants to the world, indispensable and delightful servants that become mutinous only when you allow them the assumption that they are the world itself, and that things exist only in them. Be wary of compounding innocence with a pedantic solemnity.

Understand me, please—I am not against innocence. I must note, however, that the state of innocence provides the occupational grounds of both preachers and swindlers, though the preacher seeks to add to it whereas the swindler seeks to subtract from it. Has anyone said that in a book? I just read it from the world. And what a bibliography the world comes to!

It is always a mistake to misread it. Why fall into mere innocence when there is experience to die of? And what good is it to read ideas from books if one is not capable of going through any door to find he has walked smack into an idea, and that it is alive and moving its endless parts all around him, four hundred and fifty at a time, or fifteen or sixteen million at a time, and going its own way, which is hearty, or evasive, or shuffling, or striding, and with a cornfield in the background, or a traffic jam, and sometimes populated by one of those girls who pulls the eyes right out of your face, or sometimes just oppressive in its too-many-ness, or sometimes countrified easy, but there, and to be read of itself, ready to be enlarged by any time you are willing to spend in the library, but still apart from the library, with itself to be, itself the thing that gives point to libraries and that checks the books, finally, for accuracy?

—JOHN CIARDI.

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Joy...

. . . is to behold the growth of a child.

. . . to sign a report card and know that your child has done well,
. . . to watch the dependence of a baby develop into the independence of adulthood,
. . . to lend a helping hand when needed,
. . . to know that the world is a better place for someone because of you,
. . . to know that you have shared your good fortune with others less fortunate.

There are many fine agencies in the world who care for children in general, but The Pearl S. Buck Foundation is the only agency whose present *sole* concern is the education and general welfare of those children whose fathers are American servicemen and whose mothers are Asian women. Officially, these children do not exist. Literally, there are thousands of them. In the family-centered societies of Asia, the child legally belongs to the father and not to the mother. With their fathers gone now, unless we help, there is little chance for education or future employment. In fact, in many cases there is little hope of survival.

Why should we care? Already communists are saying, "Look what the Americans leave behind them" and "What are they doing about it with their high ideals?"

Pictures and letters to you from a child across the sea can bring new joy to your life, and the satisfaction of knowing that you are assuming a share of the responsibility that is at least partly American. There are many ways in which you can help these children.

Whatever way you choose to help, let it be now, I beg of you. The years between birth and adulthood are swift and few. The earlier a child can be helped, the better the chance for a normal lifetime.

Sincerely yours,

Pearl S. Buck

THE PEARL S. BUCK FOUNDATION

Dept. SR41, P. O. Box 2137, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103

I wish to support a ☐ boy ☐ girl.

I will pay $15 a month ($180 a year) ☐ monthly ☐ yearly

I enclose my first payment of $..... Please send me the child's name, story, address, picture.

I cannot support a child but wish to give $.....

☐ Please send me more information about the other support and education plans.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP CODE.....

Your contribution to The Pearl S. Buck Foundation is tax-deductible.

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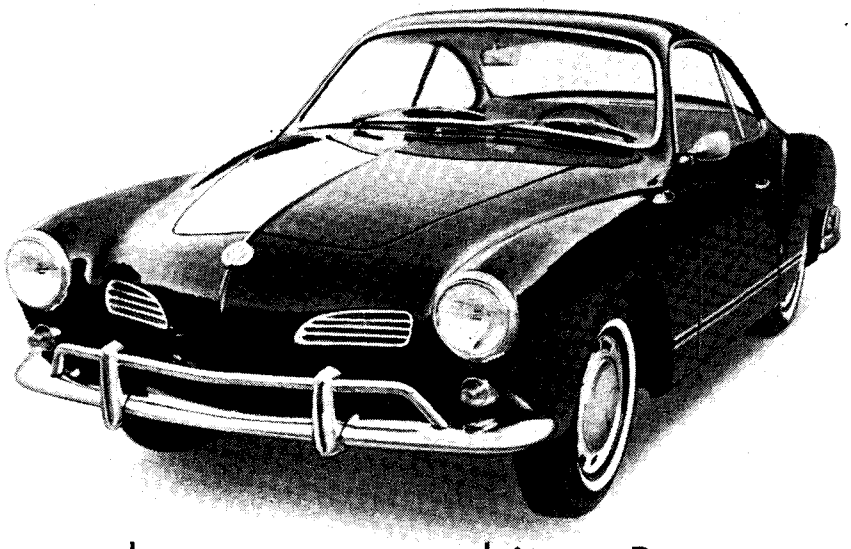
©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, IN

Maybe you don't want to drive a wild horse, or a man-eating tiger, or a killer fish...



maybe you want to drive a Pussycat.

These days, "hunting" for a new car isn't just an expression.

One name is more ferocious than the next.

But the Volkswagen Karmann Ghia is different. It's a Pussycat.

It has all the earmarks of a sports car, and all the trademarks of a Volkswagen.

Underneath that hand-shaped, hand-smoothed body you get an engine that averages 30 mpg and rarely takes oil between changes.

And you get about 40,000 miles on a set of tires.

And you get an independent torsion bar suspension system, so when you're cruising at 80, a bump bumps only one wheel and not the whole car.

And you get a good feeling, knowing that if your Pussycat has a breakdown, a VW dealer will fix it with the same parts and the same speed and the same prices that a VW Sedan gets fixed with.

So if you're hunting for a sporty looking car, and run into a lot of ferocious names, with prices to match, looking like they might cost an arm and a leg to keep up . . .

maybe you're barking up the wrong tree.

The Volkswagen KARMANN GHIA

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Saturday Review
April 2, 1966

The Misuses of the Past

Is history bunk, as Henry Ford once asserted? Perhaps not, but its uses can be doubtful and devious.

By WILLIAM JOVANOVICH

AMERICAN ORIGINAL that he was, Henry Ford was never persuaded that precedent is of much account. Once, on a witness stand he said, "History is more or less bunk." This is, I think, a defensible statement. It is true only in a special sense, but it is not entirely untrue, and it has a purgative effect against the pretension that derives from a conventional respect for the writing of history. Indeed, had it been pronounced by Mommsen or Burckhardt one might be allowed to draw inferences from it seriously; but alas it was Henry Ford, whose credibility attaches to what he did but not to what he said, and whose misfortune, like that of so many innovators, was that he should never have been asked to explain himself. Ford's plain dictum would be less embarrassing were it phrased in the construction he intended: "The *uses* of history are more or less bunk."

That the uses of history can be doubtful and devious we presumably all know. A humanistic education ought to leave a man, as a residue if not as a principle, a strong skeptical sense. And a working skepticism will question any statement that begins, "history tells us that . . ." and it will make one uncomfortable before those grand synthesizing theories of history that are deterministic, that make of history itself a causative force in human affairs. The formulation of such theories – whether by Marxists or Christians or Spenglerians –is a part of humanistic learning. Nothing is heretical to humanism, even if some things are ultimately opposite to it. The effect of such theories is antihumanistic to the degree that they tend to lessen man's respect for himself. Certainly this is one effect of the approach that both Spengler and Toynbee have taken in historical studies. Despite the considerable differences between them, their common method is to use history predictively. Both tend to measure man's capacities as well as to identify his so-called inherent inclinations by adducing patterns from his past. By fixing man at a point in history, as it were, they inevitably limit the range of alternatives in his future. For the humanist–and he is consummately the scientist – who is trying to understand man, rather than to exorcise or to justify him, the use of history as a corrective or predictive device is not very useful. Which may be another way of saying that it is more or less bunk.

The uses of skepticism are many, not the least of which is to make one wary of the sources of history. This it is not hard to be, considering the unreliability of some descriptions of current events. It seems to me, for example, quite probable that the American government was dissembling about the circumstances related to the naval engagement against the North Vietnamese in the Gulf of Tonkin during 1964. If this is so, then there is a painful irony in considering who is confounded by the ersatz making of history: it is not the others – *they* obviously know what happened–but, rather, ourselves. Yet I will concede that the temper of mind that tends to discredit official statements is somehow old-fashioned. It belongs more to the era of Lincoln Steffens and Henry Mencken than to the era of McGeorge Bundy and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. The liberals who used to be skeptical of official statements are now issuing them. The old-time iconoclastic temperament is compromised when the liberals are the majority. Indeed, the pervasiveness of liberal thinking makes a difference in how we regard historical questions, for it is a liberalist presumption that contemporary issues are clear, even if contemporary events are not.

It is a tenet of the great liberal consensus that now governs most of the Western world that we know, that we can recognize and identify, the saving issues of our life. This is in a real sense a triumph of humanism, and we may rejoice in it. Given this tenet, our view of history ought to be freer of fatalism and hence less oppressive. Yet somehow it is not. We continue to be troubled, as Alfred Kazin says, "that history becomes a conspiracy against our happiness." We are uneasy in our sense of time, and feel an urgency to comprehend the events of our life before history subsumes them. There are stations in our life–to use the phrase of a contemporary dramatist–that we feel we must revisit before their meaning for us is distorted or devitalized, if not lost altogether.

IN part this malaise is the result of acceleration. Everything moves faster than before, as Henry Adams foretold, watching the world from Washington sixty years ago. Everything moves so fast that there is now a kind of "instant history," in which events are recorded, analyzed, interpreted, and delivered for consumption almost simultaneously. Instant history leaves us breathless and uncertain: the train of events that is pulling away, just out of reach, may possibly carry the meaning of our lives. And because the thousand voices and eyes of mass media make everyone the immediate observer of history, there is a tendency to interpret what occurs before it is even stated. (While editing the galleys of an American history textbook a few weeks after Dallas, I found it necessary to strike the author's declaration that "the President was killed by the forces of hate in American society,"

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and suggest in its place, "the President was shot by a probably deranged man who appears to have acted alone.") Even as captive consumers of the instant history delivered by the mass media, we continue nonetheless to be exhorted that it is the duty of the democratic man to understand what is happening. One can reasonably ask whether this is at all possible, and, if it is possible, whether the conventional means of gaining and communicating information actually culminate in understanding.

THESE are questions that obviously concern modern writers, some of whom are impelled to seek other uses of history. It may be, for us in the late twentieth century, that one reliable way to understand the immediate past is to re-create it, to re-enact it, as it were, within the forms and conventions of literature. It may be that an effectually meaningful use of the records of contemporary history will depend less on the methods of historiography than on an imaginative faculty. A way to understand what has happened is to make it happen again, so that one may observe with a heightened moral sensibility. Now the viability of using history for the purpose of comprehending our own time has been demonstrated, I think, in the plays and novels of a number of younger writers, notably and significantly German ones. The example of Günter Grass is obvious. His most recent novel, *Dog Years*, casts actual persons within the context of a story laid in postwar Germany; and while his story is fantastical, the places and the people, and Grass's judgments upon them, are grimly realistic. Similarly, the dramatists Rolf Hochhuth and Heinar Kipphardt characterize living persons and depict actual events within contemporary memory. Their method has led to discussions that introduce a needless confusion, in my view, into the relation between factual writing and fictional writing. Their own explanations of their work have suggested that the imaginative writer can project his own vision into the literal events of his time with impressive effect.

In this vein, the discussion on the use of historical record in the play *In Sachen J. Oppenheimer* by Heinar Kipphardt is pertinent. Dr. Oppenheimer has objected to the author's improvisations in recounting the hearings of the Atomic Energy Commission of 1954; and Mr. Kipphardt defends himself with the argument that "in stepping on the stage of contemporary history it is the task of the playwright to transform it." Of his method, he says, ". . . in working on the play I made sure that all the facts presented were based on the actual truth. The liberties I took are strictly limited to the selection, the arrangement, the formulation, and the concentration of the material." These are, of course, the liberties also taken by historians. All serious writing, whether in historical or other form, is a distilling of essences from the mash of experience.

If artistry informs and directs the presentation of people and events in both historiography and dramaturgy, then the essential question arising from the Oppenheimer-Kipphardt exchange is not one of method but of moral bias. In reply to the criticism of Dr. Oppenheimer that he should have recognized the relation of the events leading from Coventry to Dresden to Warsaw to Tokyo, the playwright says, "As far as I am concerned, I have not forgotten the terrible stations of our past. . . . Naturally, it is nonsense to try to justify Auschwitz with Hiroshima and I have never supported such criminal absurdities. But a German author should be permitted – even after Auschwitz–to deal with the important problems of his time." Does this mean that Mr. Kipphardt qualifies his rights, his artistic "liberties," in a historically sequential fashion–before and after the atrocities? Dr. Oppenheimer apparently believes that a German writer today assumes a special moral burden in writing on a subject that will lead to inferences of comparative guilt, that is, Auschwitz versus Hiroshima.

Ironically, both of them appear to accept the notion of collective guilt without asking whether it has critical relevance when applied to literature. Mass guilt is an old familiar notion–M. I. Finley says it arises from the Christian belief in collective Jewish guilt, which "has been a potent social force for nearly 2,000 years, and its doctrinal roots go all the way back to the Fourth Gospel." In the twentieth century the notion has been given the coloration of citizenship, as we know from the Nuremberg trials. Yet in no sense can a serious writer be said to represent anyone other than himself unless his aim explicitly is to create and foster propaganda. Guilt by association is a wretched misconstruction of the common law–although one can understand how it is mistakenly conceived –but to apply it critically to a writer's choice and treatment of a subject seems to me to be notorious. No writer's motives are, of course, exempt from examination, and the writer who chooses to depict actual persons and events in a way that has social or political implications invites a closer examination precisely because his choice admits so readily of propaganda. Mr. Hochhuth, in the extensive notes he appends to the published version of *The Deputy*, quite properly anticipates that he will be asked to vouchsafe the accuracy of his material as well as the justness of his use of it. Hochhuth undergoes such examination superbly, I believe, but even if he did not, one may question whether his choice of subject is ultimately relevant to his nationality.

Throughout the controversy over *The*

"First it was my marriage. Now the magic has gone out of my nine iron."

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Deputy there emerges a confrontation between the notion of collective guilt and that of individual moral responsibilities. Hochhuth (and Kipphardt, too) asks who is responsible for history, which is to say, who must speak for the consequences of people's actions as social beings? Erwin Piscator, the Berlin producer whose early staging of Brecht gives him a reinforced insight into this kind of playwriting, which he rather grandiosely calls "total drama," says of the literary genre of plays that deal with our most recent past that "the authors have liberated themselves from their own life experiences. . . . The plays should be recognized as a kind of confession." Hochhuth admits the confessional element in *The Deputy*, but he does not presume that it is either peculiarly contemporary or that it is alien to the essence of drama. "But if the individual," he writes, "can no longer be held responsible . . . then we have an alibi for all guilt. And that would mean the end of drama. For 'there can be no suspense without freedom of decision in each given case.'" The contradiction between collective guilt as an operative idea and that of individual responsibility emerges not only from the implications of *The Deputy*'s theme but also from Hochhuth's own confession. Is he confessing as a Christian as well as a German? Are all Christians responsible for Pope Pius's failure to speak out against the murder of the Jews? That question is inherent in the idea of collective guilt, though I would hardly propose that it is the first or primary question to be asked in examining what caused, and what allowed, the establishment of Nazism.

"I was wondering, Dr. Maxby, in an effort to save me time, if I could have copies of your notes for my biographer."

THE question of moral responsibility is involved, too, when it is held to be obtuse of a German to make charges against other nationalities, even by indirection, as in the instance of Kipphardt's treatment of the American decision to release the atomic bomb. I would agree, but only if a German writer presumes to do this as a *reformed* person. It hardly needs to be argued, despite St. Augustine, that reformed persons are not necessarily more expert to judge error than are others. The absurdities that can arise from this presumption were apparent in the McCarthy witch-hunt, when reformed Communists were invited by Congressional committees to instruct those of us who had sense enough in the first place not to become Communists. Yet repentance and reformation are not, finally, central to the "Germanness" of these writers. What is primary is that they are writers who, by reason of their participation in an apocalyptic national experience, are oppressed by a sense that recent history *must* be comprehended.

Günter Grass and Rolf Hochhuth, among other German writers, would find it difficult to take what is euphemistically called the "long view" of history, or, conversely, to take an existentialist view. Their own identities are involved. They themselves cannot be something if what happened in Germany, regarded philosophically, is *nothing*. Alfred Kazin, in reviewing *The Deputy*, questions Hochhuth for trying to find a rationale in philosophy for the frightful, sadistic crimes of "the Doctor" in the play. There is no possible rationale, he maintains: ". . . that is the horror for us, who for thirty years now have tried to make Hitlerism accountable to our humane culture—the horror is that so many frivolous, hysterical, ignorant, *trivial* people could have . . . killed millions of human beings for reasons no more 'significant' and 'historical' than their own murderous vanity and rage. . . . All those millions died to the frenzy of murdering gangsters. They died meaninglessly. And how do you make art out of what is inherently meaningless, was never a contest?" But Hochhuth *has* made art of it, and it is part of his artistic as well as moral conception that it was not the Jews who were supposed to contest the Nazis but, rather, the German Christians. *The Deputy* does not indict the Jews, or even the official Nazis who are condemned without indictment by their own hands: it indicts German Christians, all Christians, the Pope, and, ultimately, the God who has evolved from Western culture.

Something of the same sort of reasoning is to be found in Arthur Miller's play *Incident at Vichy*. Here the good, innocent, uninvolved character, the Austrian nobleman Von Berg, says at the climactic moment of the play, speaking of the Nazis' atrocity of burning Jews: "I find it the most conceivable atrocity I have heard. . . . Because it *is* so inconceivably vile. That is their power. To do the inconceivable; it paralyzes the rest of us. . . . They do these things not because they are German but because they are nothing. It is the hallmark of the age—the less you exist the more important it is to make a clear impression. . . . They are poets, they are striving for a new nobility, the nobility of the totally vulgar. . . ." What can this possibly mean? Are human beings, both the murderer and the victim, nothing? Again and again in contemporary criticism there occurs the equation of personal triviality, vulgarity, banality with philosophic nothingness. We are told that the people who carried out the orders to kill the Jews are *significantly* small-time. If the murderers are small-time, then presumably their act cannot have a profound or continuing relevance to the culture in which it is performed. Is it presumed that the murder of the innocents is meaningless because it does not

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fit, by declaration of the perpetrators, into some kind of philosophical system or grand historical plan? Against such a suggestion the passion of Hochhuth's play must be recognized. He himself states it in the historical notes called "Sidelights in History," through which, according to Professor Zimmerman, peers "Hochhuth's deep distrust of history.... We can sense his reasoning between the lines: let history endow the meaningless facts with meaning but let it not dare argue away millions of slaughtered people. And isn't this just what it is doing?"

The answer to Professor Zimmerman's question is very plain: yes, that is just what history is doing. It seems to me that if the writer today does not eventually attempt to cope with contemporary history in some way, he may be overwhelmed by it. How can he conceive, out of his own vision and drawing on his own resources, any situation that in depth and reverberation of irony can compete with the declaration of the Ecumenical Council of a year ago? As a provisional declaration, later to become a part of *De Ecclesia,* the Council voted to absolve the Jews as a whole of the charge that they were, and are, responsible for the crucifixion of Jesus. This is, surely, the most astonishing bureaucratic impertinence of all time. It is now said to the surviving kinsmen of six million people who were murdered in the midst of Christian Europe, "We forgive you." And the *New York Times* comments on the spirit of liberalism that produced this declaration: "Historically, it can be said to have come a hundred years too late, but for a Church whose history stretches back over 2,000 years one century is not an unreasonable delay." No, it is not unreasonable; it is merely unconscionable. The uses of history, perhaps you will agree, can be more or less bunk.

What Hochhuth as a contemporary German writer is attempting, bravely, I think, is to comprehend the moral truths in our time by imaginative means. He accepts the idealism of Schiller that holds the individual responsible for moral failures of social institutions, but he has tempered his idealism—in the sense of hardening and sharpening it—by dealing with events as literal and direct as yesterday's newsreel. To say that as a German he is better qualified for this task than others may be ill grace—certainly it is not true—but it can be recognized that he has a stronger compulsion than some others.

ONE is, exhausting other alternatives, tempted to suggest that the German writer is in a special position today not because his country is made repentant of its once disastrous power, but, rather, because it has been dispossessed of it. Politically the Germans are today a minority people, now an audience rather than a performing troop. We have recently seen Edmund Wilson turn to a thesis about writers who represent "minority peoples," a thesis that has proceeded from his Introduction to *Patriotic Gore* to his latest work, a study of French-Canadian writers. While *Patriotic Gore* is a magnificent exercise in literary scholarship and criticism, its Introduction does not share its glory, nor does the latest work, which ends in some absurdly eccentric conclusions. Mr. Wilson admires the French Canadians because they are a minority not only within a nation but also within a world that is dominated by the United States and the Soviet Union, and he compares them with "the Hungarians and lesser [*sic!*] Slavic and Balkan peoples who are recalcitrant toward the Soviet Union." Somehow he manages to bring in even the Iroquois Indians and the Southern Confederates, and he ends by declaring, referring specifically to the bureaucracies in Moscow and Washington, that "The problem we all face is the defense of individual identity against the centralized official domination that can so easily become a faceless despotism."

But is this really our problem, and, more directly, the contemporary writer's problem? So phrased, it borrows from the old-fashioned liberal anarchism that was more pertinent before liberalism came to power, before we joined the great liberal consensus. The great powers are not faceless despite our tendency to suggest that modern power is obscurely managed. In fact, there is more personality injected into international relations than ever before; heroic myths are created overnight, and Johnson, de Gaulle, and Wilson appear in every living room. And is despotism so easily characterized by the size of the despot? There is no lack of it in Egypt, the Congo, and Czechoslovakia. Nor are minority peoples unheard. Possibly never before have great powers been so terrorized by the actions of small powers; each of the great has a small goad, Cuba to the Soviet Union, Taiwan to the United States, and North Vietnam to China. In the scheme of things one can never respectably state a case for great powers, but it is simplistic to suggest that the decisive contemporary issues derive innately from their size. Surely there can be no critical canon that ascribes special insights to minority peoples or lesser nations. The literature of protest has in our time become a protest not alone against political despotism, but against the tyranny of ideas that are inhumane, whether conceived by small peoples or large, whether by atheists or religionists. It is a literature that refuses to accept history if history has the effect of compromising man's respect for himself, of obscuring his ability to distinguish between what is morally conceivable and what is morally inconceivable. This is, I think, the significance of the writers who, like Grass and Hochhuth, make use of contemporary history with their moral imagination and who transform the stations of our past into forms of art. They are trying to understand what it means for men to suffer and to transcend their suffering. And they will do this, finally, not as Germans or Jews or Russians or Americans, but as humanists. One should think it unnecessary, in the last third of the twentieth century, to declare that man is more than his history, that he is consummately his own cause.

"Come now, Benson, you don't expect me to violate President Johnson's guidelines!"

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Restif de la Bretonne

By KENNETH REXROTH

IT IS NOT CONSIDERED cricket to review books that are unobtainable, and it annoys booksellers, but so it must be. I can only hope to stimulate interest in one of the many firms that publish reprints of the world's important books. There are few French critics today who would rank Rousseau's *Confessions* above *Monsieur Nicolas* and there are very few people left who would read Rousseau solely for pleasure.

On the other hand, Restif is a genuinely popular author, in fact, something of a fad, only a little less fashionable with the general reader but considerably more fashionable with the sophisticated, than Sade, whom it happens Restif despised and felt himself specially called to attack. The influence of Restif has been enormous. Henry Miller might be called Monsieur Nicolas transliterated into early twentieth-century American terms, and Celine a sour and crazed Restif. He was the inventor of the unbridled confession, real or imaginary, that is certainly the dominant form of the modern novel. He is the master of the utterly convincing implausible. In addition, in spite of obvious fantasy which borders on the confabulations of mild lunacy, *Monsieur Nicolas* is a priceless historical document for the best years of Louis XV, the scarcely perceptible slide into total social disorder under Louis XVI, the hidden domestic and personal living that went on behind the historical extravagance of Revolution and Empire.

Restif was a fantasist of reality. It is doubtful if anyone could sleep with all the women he says he did. But when he describes a quiet orgy on the sylvan banks of the Marne with two shopgirls, he tells us exactly what they wore, how much the chickens and wine cost, and what the riverside inn and its host and hostess were like to the finest detail.

Probably the reason the beautiful John Rodker edition (in six volumes translated by R. Crowdy Mathers with an introduction by Havelock Ellis) has never been reprinted is that it is too long to warrant the risk with an author almost unknown in the English-speaking world. This is a great pity. Restif took a section of *Monsieur Nicolas*, altered it enough to form a novel, and published it as *Sara, The Last Love Affair of a Man of Forty-five*. The original edition of this, also published by Rodker on cottage-made Auvergne paper, is one of the most beautiful books of modern times. By itself it is a wonderfully coherent novel, as pathetic and ironic a story of sexual exploitation, of middle-aged folly and female guile, as the ridiculous Miss Charpillon episode in Casanova. It is more moving because more shameless. The comic irony with which Casanova viewed himself always gives him a final, occult control of the situation. Restif may be the only major writer utterly devoid of irony or any sense of the ridiculous.

Like the memoirs of Casanova, *Monsieur Nicolas* is not a book but a drug. It is impossible to put it down, impossible to escape from it. The novels of Defoe are false documents, written with the silent sarcasm of a counterfeiter. Restif is a Defoe narrator come to life. This is the way Moll or Roxanna really would have written—irresistibly.

Restif is something almost unknown until recent times, and uncommon even now, an actual working-class writer. The working class in French fiction from Scarron to Hugo, with the sole exception of Eugene Sue, are servants, actors, prostitutes, criminals, the poor whose business it is to mix with the rich. Restif was a journeyman printer who often composed his books in type at the press, and he wrote of the working class who work, the artisans, journeymen, and petty shopkeepers who are known only to themselves. A statistical abstract of the works of Restif would be the best possible introduction to the study of eighteenth-century economics and sociology. This is the base of the pyramid of the *ancien regime*, written by an articulate foundation stone. It is interesting to note that the French working class was never better off than in the reign of Louis XV, until the reign of Napoleon the Third. The mold of French culture was determined in the reigns of those two disgraceful and wasteful men, who have been so misrepresented in history because no political party likes them. So likewise the French spoken language assumed its final form in the days of Restif, but it would be impossible to deduce this from the writings of his contemporaries. His own style strikes one, after reading the contemporary Diderot, as a kind of hypertrophied pigeon-French, especially if read in his own odd, reformed spelling, but it is a language of extraordinary plasticity, capable of transforming into the most candid and convincing speech great ranges of experience never known to literature before.

Restif's prose has an inescapable quality peculiar to itself. His greatest passages resemble the elementary textbook version of *Sans Famille* and have the same naked cogency. This is writing past the ivory walls of literature, and today all of our greatest writers, whatever else they may be, are anti-literary. Restif is the inventor of anti-literary literature, a method that is itself a philosophy of life. Candor that forces wilful suspension of incredulity is the essence of the art of autobiography. Even at his silliest, poking into the petticoats of a cornered chambermaid, we accept Restif as we never can accept Rousseau at his most sincere—perhaps least of all then.

Like Blake and Henry Miller, Restif's head was full of the piled-up baggage of the intellectual underworld, the orthodoxy of the heterodox that probably does go back to the Stone Age. He had schemes to reform everything, many of them less foolish than the functioning programs of the Social Lie. He was a fetishist. He was a squaw man who hated the wife he ruthlessly exploited, who seems, like Baudelaire's unfortunate mistress, Jeanne Duval, to have been a most estimable woman. His sexual life begins to take on the character of overexcited senility in early youth. At least it does not have the ignorance of physiology shown by his contemporary avatar, Henry Miller. We may not believe the number of Restif's affairs, but we never doubt that they were exactly as he described. He was completely oblivious to good taste in life or letters, yet we accept Restif as we accept no one else from this period except Choderlos de Laclos and we accept him with a deep personal love as we might a shameful, talented, and shiftless member of our own family.

It is this ability to establish complete intimacy, however embarrassing, that makes Restif one of the greatest autobiographers. We do not read far in the book before we are tempted to write him an avuncular letter and offer to lend him money, something no one in his senses would be moved to do for Rousseau.

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The Rate of Dissent

EDITOR'S NOTE: *With this issue Theodore C. Sorensen joins the editorial board of Saturday Review. Mr. Sorensen, former special assistant and counsel to President John F. Kennedy and author of "Kennedy," and currently with the New York law firm of Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison, will become an SR Editor-at-Large and will contribute occasional editorials, articles, and reviews to these pages.*

AN AIRCRAFT'S rate of descent, if too steep, can be disastrous, as recent crashes have demonstrated. A nation's rate of dissent, however sharp, may actually be a sign of its political health. A society strong enough to sustain strong criticism is one that the people are most likely to sustain.

Unity, not dissent, is every President's goal. The kind of national unity that is produced by a careful exposition and examination of all possible courses, and by an effective, informed consensus behind the course that is ultimately taken, is a considerable asset for any administration confronted by crisis or war. But unity does not depend on unanimity. Even a nation stirred by controversy is better prepared for its world responsibilities than a nation locked in complacency. The United States has won wars and worldwide respect over the years not simply by virtue of its greater firepower, or manpower, or financial power but also because of its brainpower—the strength of its ideas and ideals and intelligence.

In Vietnam today, military force alone offers no final solution. It can at best provide only the time, territory, and sense of security in which a solution can be worked out. The solution will require a range of diplomatic, political, social, and economic ideas not automatically or easily available to our policy-makers. In that light, all responsible discussion and debate over alternatives—and over alternative military strategies as well—should be encouraged.

Dissent, it is said, can aid our adversaries. That is true. Totalitarian societies, reading censored news in the light of fantastic dogma, have a considerable capacity to delude themselves that a divergence of American opinion represents weakness and lack of will. Our national purposes should not be misunderstood. But the remedy lies not in shutting off debate, but in making those purposes clearer than ever before—to both our adversaries and our allies, to both world and domestic opinion. The essential message here should be that the very diversity we permit is what we seek to protect in more vulnerable lands, a diversity of political, economic, religious, and social institutions and beliefs, free from the tyranny of any one party, clique, or external power.

Our indulgence of dissent and debate, far from deserving the label of unpatriotic, is in fact the quality that distinguishes us most from our adversaries in Vietnam and around the world. Surely none of the Founding Fathers, who bitterly debated with one another over the form of union, was any less a patriot for denouncing the majority view. The greater danger to this country over the long run lies not in debate and dissent but in placing any topic, policy, man, or institution beyond the realm of criticism.

The critics and dissenters, it is said, rarely have as much information as the official policy-makers. That, also, is true. But the remedy once again should be not less debate but more information. "Knowledge," said Emerson, "is the antidote to fear"; and the present widespread uneasiness about our course in Vietnam—a deep sense of concern and despair not yet accurately reflected in the opinion polls—cannot be allayed without more knowledge.

The worst reason of all a man may have for not speaking out in dissent is the notion that his voice is too small to accomplish anything. The question of how many voters a dissenter represents is no more relevant than Stalin's old question about how many divisions were around the Pope. The evolution of an "idea whose time has come"—the gradual, almost imperceptible shifts in the atmosphere of decision—the combing and weighing of a thousand ideas before the right blend is produced—who can say what his contribution is to these processes? George Norris maintained that his toughest battles were fought for losing causes so that "sometime in the future . . . [others] would be able to see the light."

DISSENTERS, of course, must be prepared to accept criticism as well as hand it out. They must recognize that they have no more monopoly on truth than the majority. They must admit that they have a lot to learn from practical politicians, diplomats, and generals who have direct operating responsibilities. They must be prepared to come forth with constructive alternatives, and not permit every protest movement to be taken over by irrational misfits, malcontents, and publicity-seekers.

There is no gain in making a fetish out of rebellion and alienation. Dissenters who are as inflexible and intolerant of disagreement as those at the opposite end of the spectrum are merely creating a new conformism of their own. To reduce complex questions of foreign policy to a series of slogans or shouts—to agree with the Far Right, for example, that our only choice in Asia is surrender or nuclear war—acts only to obscure the debate, not to improve it.

The debate must be improved. It must be continued. It helps test those policies that are right, it helps correct those that are wrong. More than seventy years ago the University of Wisconsin Board of Regents, dismissing "socialist" charges against Professor Richard T. Ely, endorsed for all time "that continual and fearless sifting and winnowing by which alone the truth can be found." We can do no less today.

—THEODORE C. SORENSEN.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Bridging the Gulf

MANY THANKS FOR publishing Stephen Spender's brilliant essay "The Age of Overwrite and Underthink" [*SR*, Mar. 12]. More than anything else I've ever read in a major magazine, it pinpoints what's wrong these days with writing—and indeed with the whole business of human communication.

R. L. SMITH.

San Francisco, Calif.

AT LAST, I thought, *SR* is going to call its readers' attention to the urgent need of our civilization to communicate effectively, but the article "The Age of Overwrite and Underthink" proved to be an example of what it supposedly was criticizing. Mr. Spender failed to communicate what I thought was the theme of his article: the importance of communication to bridge the gulf between the literary and scientific cultures.

Instead, I found a few trite suggestions such as having students write an essay a week. As a high school English teacher . . . , I only hope your next article on this subject is more constructive.

KAREN KLING,
Lincoln Senior High School.

Sioux Falls, S.D.

Who's French?

MR. SUTTON'S ARTICLE on the 900th anniversary of the Battle of Hastings [*SR*, Mar. 5] was excellent. I have one objection to make, however. Mr. Sutton states: "The Battle of Hastings . . . was not a victory of the forces of France over England, but really a battle between Scandinavians." It is indeed true that the Normans were originally Norsemen (Vikings, Northmen). They settled in northern France in the late ninth and early tenth centuries, and had thus been living on French territory a good 150 years before the Battle of Hastings took place. How long must a people live in France before they can be called Frenchmen?

Insofar as ethnic background is at all meaningful for historical analysis, its meaningfulness can only derive from the nature of the language and traditions of a particular ethnic group. On these counts I think it would be accurate to call the Normans French. The language they spoke was not a Scandinavian dialect but Norman-French.

Thus, I think one can safely call the Normans French and not Scandinavian, unless one subscribes to the theory that in some strange way Scandinavian "blood" manifests itself in certain traits of character.

CAROL CRYSTLE.

Mount Kisco, N.Y.

Counting Heads

CLEVELAND AMORY didn't like the bullfights in Houston [*SR*, Mar. 5] and that isn't surprising. He thinks they ought to be banned, and that isn't surprising either (when in doubt, ban whatever it is!). But it is surprising that he went to so much trouble to tell us how few people attended the spectacle and how little interest there was in it. Other accounts differed.

Maybe his standards are even higher than I realized; he wrote something about the meager attendance at games of the Houston Astros, and I think that not-too-excellent baseball team stood pretty high in attendance last year, when compared with other not-too-excellent baseball teams.

Perhaps the trouble is that Mr. Amory just doesn't recognize people when he sees them.

ALEX D. MOFFAT.

Dallas, Tex.

"For heaven's sake, Alice, while you're making up your mind whether or not to admit we're senior citizens, all the best locations are being taken."

Criticizing the Critics

AFTER A YEAR of reading the New York theater reviews in the press and some magazines, I have become convinced we need an evaluation of the term "critic." My agreement or disagreement with the critic's judgment in regard to a particular play is not pertinent, nor can I become as biased in my judgment as the average New York critic seems to be in his writing.

My primary concern is that the majority of critics seem to be more interested in impressing each other with their command of vituperative expression than with objective reviewing; that they seem to think their clever use of diatribe will create fact from what after all can only be their opinion. When I speak of objective reviewing I do not mean a long synopsis of the play to cover the reviewer's inability to write an interpretive analysis of the play in relation to its performance.

In many of the reviews I have read over the year I gather the distinct impression the critic has placed himself upon a self-built pedestal of authority and has overlooked completely the fact that the theater is for all people and not just for the critic. Quite often the critic, in his desire to be read, uses the clichés he so often condemns in others. From the majority of reviews I have read, there is little evidence of real knowledge of theater as an art form.

The play upon words that the average critic uses is no substitution for the substance the review should contain, if the critic is to be one upon whom the public can rely.

My feeling is strong that unless the critics return to objective reviewing they are just as much responsible for the mediocrity in the theater as the producers, playwrights, and directors they so often condemn.

Fortunately, not all the New York critics can be accused of the things I say. But the majority can be, and if the majority rule is a way of life with us, then we have the conformity in the theater that all of us so much dislike.

KENT LANE.

New York, N.Y.

The article "An Irishman at Large in the U.S.A.," which appeared in the March 12 issue under the name of Conor Cruise O'Brien, was not in fact by Conor Cruise O'Brien but by Conor O'Brien, a Dublin newspaper editor; *SR* attached the name of Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien to it in error. We have apologized to both writers and at the request of Dr. O'Brien have forwarded a contribution of $500 to the Bishop of Kontum for the relief of Vietnamese war orphans.

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Enter Government, Exit Art

A SHARP CONTROVERSY is brewing over this year's American exhibition at the Venice Biennale, often considered the most important international art show. If the dispute seems trivial, there is far more at stake than meets the eye. At stake is our government's relationship to the fine arts.

Except for the WPA or an occasional minor project, the United States Government has avoided serious support of painting and sculpture. Isolated works commissioned by official Washington have usually been cautious, dated, and dull. It is only in recent years that certain federal agencies, spearheaded by the White House, have come to realize that valuable American resources are being neglected. When the alliance between art and government first blossomed, a few nagging doubts caused uneasiness among old-timers who remembered the fate of a State Department show abruptly recalled from its European tour as a result of Congressional attacks. At that time, Congress tended to oppose any art not bursting with optimism or burdened with literal detail. So it was natural that some ambivalence developed as the growing love affair between Washington and art prospered. Not that the advantages of federal participation were minimized, but the possibility of nonprofessional, politically biased interference remained a threat.

If in the past it was conformity and almost undeviating conservatism that made government patronage of the arts a dubious blessing, today the danger of conformity still persists. True, the focus has changed. Judging by the American show of 1964 and the one projected for this summer at Venice (the only two instances of government sponsorship there), it seems clear that emphasis is merely shifting to a new kind of academy—to the safe avant-garde instead of the safe rear-garde.

But more important are the worrisome facts that must be assessed, the embarrassing questions that must be asked. Why, first of all, did our government, the richest in the world, fail to budget one penny this year for as important an international show as the Biennale? A mere $100,000 for shipping, curatorial expenses, insurance, installation, catalogues, and architectural refurbishing would probably have been adequate, a sum, by the way, that almost any foreign state could have got from us by the twist of a pen. The art exhibitions of more than thirty European, Latin American, and other nations at Venice are, to the best of my knowledge, fully backed by their governments. It would appear that only in the U.S. is art still a stepchild, at least officially. The predicament is doubly dismaying in light of the endless words that pour out of Washington in pious support of "creativity."

One questions why the eventual search for funds was postponed so long. After all, it is no secret that the Biennale takes place every second year. International exhibits, and for that matter any exhibition worth its salt, must be planned well in advance if a balanced choice is to be assured. Indeed, the entire country merits a conscientious scanning before final decisions are made. After the new National Arts Foundation finally offered up to $50,000 for the project if matching funds could be raised from private sources, why then was money from these private sources only vaguely promised rather than definitely guaranteed? And why is it impossible to find out from the director of the National Collection (a branch of the Smithsonian officially entrusted with supervision of the Biennale) who these prospective donors are and why they have refused to back the artists selected by the director of the Guggenheim Museum, an institution authorized by the National Collection to choose the show? Are we to believe that advance agreements were made whereby these mysterious benefactors were free to withdraw their support if the exhibition did not meet with their total approval? And why should a wealthy government depend on such fickle funds? Once a museum is asked to undertake the responsibility of an exhibition, its staff should be assured complete freedom. Otherwise, it is possible that donors could exert undue influence and even promote vested interests.

The Guggenheim's original list, fully approved by its trustees, included five sculptors—all, except one, men of high distinction. Joseph Cornell, Isamu Noguchi, George Segal, David Smith, and Ernest Trova were the names submitted. However, representatives of the National Collection asked that Segal be omitted because his work had appeared three years earlier in a government-sponsored exhibition in South America. But, if Washington delegates the responsibility of selection to a reputable museum,

"I just get goose pimples every time we do this."

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should the government then edit that selection? It might be well for the Smithsonian to observe how successfully the New York State Council on the Arts functions. This organization wisely never interferes after responsibility for a specific job is delegated.

Are we to believe that a government as prosperous as ours was unable to finance a representative sculpture exhibition, or are we to believe that certain powerful, vocal elements in the art world disapproved of these choices? In any case, the Guggenheim dropped out after a spate of deplorable gossip, a situation not apt to encourage other serious institutions to join their lot with the government's. It appears that the National Collection blandly announced it was unable to meet the budget required for the Guggenheim show, a bit less than $100,000, I have been told. But it does seem strange that scarcely a week later came a new communication from the same government agency announcing that Henry Geldzahler, barely thirty years old, had suddenly been elevated to act as the United States Commissioner at Venice, a post usually reserved for mature, highly experienced museum directors—and with good reason. The *bête noir* at the Biennale has always been the danger of commercialism, the risk of art dealers exerting too much influence. A strong hand and impartial eye are needed to withstand these pressures.

Mr. Geldzahler announced his choices so quickly as to unnerve those of us who regard the organization of this exhibition as a major project. His list includes a fashionable, lightweight group of vigorously promoted artists—Helen Frankenthaler, Ellsworth Kelly, Roy Lichtenstein, and Jules Olitski. All except Lichtenstein are strictly "school of" painters rather than accepted leaders. As for Lichtenstein, one can hardly rate his comic-strip derivations as much more than witty comments on modern Americana. The day after Mr. Geldzahler revealed his list, apparently with the government's blessing, he took off on a month's vacation to the United Arab Republic and Morocco, stating that he was so familiar with the work of his four choices that he could organize the show while traveling abroad. Why he is spending his month in the UAR instead of the USA is a moot question. Choosing an exhibit from memory is a feat more convenient than convincing.

Curious is the fact that artists represented by only three dealers are included in both Venice Biennales sponsored by the government. With innumerable commercial galleries available, why have those of Leo Castelli, André Emmerich, and Sidney Janis cornered the American Pavilion for two successive showings? Only a small group of ardent backers would agree that these men necessarily represent the most distinguished artists in the United States. That they represent many of the most stylish performers few will argue.

Why must a country as large and varied as ours limit itself to the latest fashions? The Europeans have never been caught in this trap. They rarely cast off their older authoritative voices merely because certain collectors and dealers are wedded to novelty. To have omitted Joseph Cornell for any one of the four artists on Geldzahler's list is both shortsighted and short-witted. The whole idea of entering an international exhibition is to present the *best* we have. Comparatively small sums of money should not influence final choices. The fact that it is more costly to transport sculpture than painting is an untenable reason for eliminating the entire field of three-dimensional art, an area where America has helped make modern history.

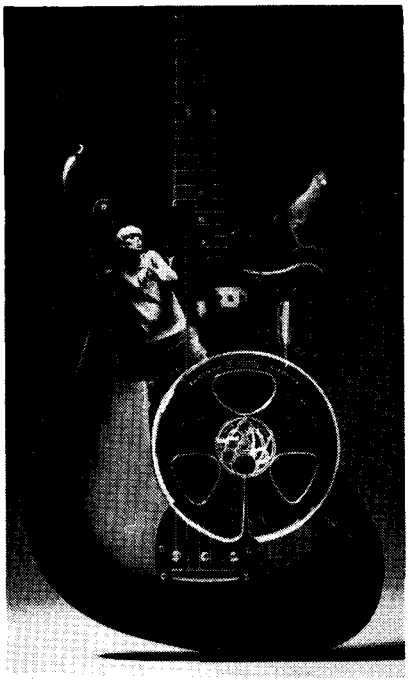
Let us urge our government in the future to provide full and adequate funds for important international exhibitions so that private interests need not be tapped directly or indirectly. Let us also urge the National Collection of Fine Arts to publish a complete list of donors to the Biennale of 1966. No one doubts the integrity or good intentions of this institution's representatives, but still we must doubt their judgment. Better to have no show than one we cannot salute with pride. Perhaps it is time for the Association of American Museums and the Art Dealers Association of America to step in and formulate some rules of conduct. The voices of many angry artists and a handful of independent critics are not enough.

—KATHARINE KUH.

The Old Man

By Robert Pack

HIS elbow creaks into the carved,
Lion's-head arm-rest; he is holding
The throb of his wrist with his right
hand.
His beard breathes out over his chest.
Except where the hair is stained yellow,
His mouth is not visible. His nose
Is lumped in drooping face-shadows,
For the light passes from behind
Over the crest of his uncombed hair.
His weight juts forward abruptly
Along the line where his lips would
move
If he were bending to kiss her, with
water
Slushing amid lilies and lush weeds
At his ear's edge, and the stark sun
pulsing
Her eye-lid veins. If he has forgotten,
I had better die now—for country, honor.



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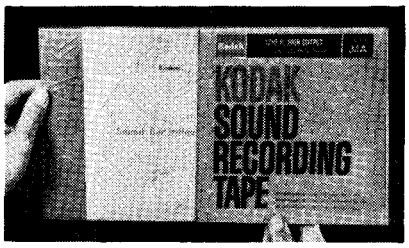

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Geography Lesson

MAR DEL PLATA, ARGENTINA.

MAR DEL PLATA, if I might momentarily impinge on Horace Sutton's territory, is an Argentine resort city some 250 miles south of Buenos Aires. A combination of Atlantic City and Las Vegas, with an architecture that suggests an exotic infusion of European sophistication with somewhat shoddy Latin American traditional, it boasts a permanent population of 300,000, which in the summer season, just concluding, is swollen by as many as 2,000,000 visitors at a time. The twin attractions are superb beaches and what are claimed to be the largest gambling casinos in the world. Why, in addition to all this, the Argentine authorities feel it necessary to stage an annual film festival there is perhaps best ascribed to national pride. Venice has a festival, Cannes has a festival – therefore, so should Mar del Plata.

Although the recent festival was Mar del Plata's eighth, because there is no continuity in management it continues to repeat the mistakes of the past—particularly in last-minute appeals for films and last-minute invitations to personalities, with insufficient follow-through to assure participation of the top levels of either. This was apparent both in the lack of stars (Hayley Mills and father John, in for a few days, were the only ones who could be considered even close to first magnitude), and even more so in the dearth of first-rate pictures. With the exception of the United States, which made the unpardonable blunder of sending *The Loved One* to a country that takes death very seriously, films from the nations ranged from run-of-the-mill to the direst dregs. Only the most avid festival buff could find sustenance here—or a film critic in search of new trends in the international scene.

There are two good reasons why Americans never see every movie that is made abroad: commerce and censorship. No distributor in his right mind would bring in pictures, title or dub them, and stand the expense of advertising, unless he has some confidence that he could get back his costs and a reasonable profit. At Mar del Plata, one saw films that seemed unlikely investments even for their country of origin. And, although censorship in the United States is unmistakably on the decline, Customs still maintains a vigilant survey at our borders—a control that would undoubtedly bar from these shores such Mar del Plata entries as Japan's *Beast Alley* and at least the more graphic portions of Sweden's *The Fire*. Indeed, there was so much nudity and casual sleeping around in this year's festival films that one critic suggested the possibility of an additional award, the Golden Bed, and, for the second prize in this category, a Silver Shower.

The numerous critics assembled in Mar del Plata, then, had a unique opportunity to catch up on levels of production that, for one reason or another, are seldom visible abroad. What was soon apparent, as the festival ground on, was the curious fact that, of all the nations, the United States and the Soviet Union are probably the most prudish in what they present on the screen. Robert Morse's hasty kiss on the bare bosom of a marble statuette in *The Loved One* may seem to many Americans a moment of daring eroticism; but in Sweden's *Gunilla*, the kiss is implanted on quivering female flesh. In *Beast Alley*, from Japan, the waitress heroine becomes the concubine of an impotent septuagenarian whose sexual demands are more rarefied than any hitherto depicted on the screen. Both Mexico's *Love* and Sweden's *The Fire* have incest as their primary concern. The French *Galia* implies Lesbianism, and portrays in rather lurid detail the numerous assignations between the Lesbian's husband and the girl she is living with. In Argentina's *The Eavesdropper*, the heroine coldbloodedly elects to have an affair in a squalid hotel with the film's neo-Fascist hero. (Torre-Nilsson, the director, prepared a considerably more circumspect version for distribution in the United States.) Perhaps because France's official entry, *Viva Maria*, was actually a Franco-American co-production, the Brigitte Bardot-Jeanne Moreau strip-teases in it were held to a minimum; but if the United States hopes to compete successfully next year in the Mar del Plata, it should probably send along the likes of *The Immoral Mr. Teas* or *Not Tonight, Henry*.

ON the other hand, the farther one penetrates the Iron Curtain, the more conventional the films become. Despite a second-rate entry, *Mañana Mexico*, the story of a discredited diving champion who persists in grooming a young girl for the next Olympics, Poland continues to impress with the sharply drawn, highly individual characters that abound in her films. Yugoslavia, whose film bore the incontrovertible title, *A Man Is Not a Crow*, also presented a group of strong, believable, human characters—although the script never made it quite clear why they should all be in the same picture. But from Czechoslovakia came a rather old-fashioned movie about World War II, *Long Live the Republic*, that earnestly tried to look new-fashioned through the repeated use of protracted flashbacks. (The *Marienbad* syndrome was very much in evidence throughout the festival.) And Russia's contribution, *The Last Month of Autumn*, was a hopelessly outdated affair in which an old peasant sets out on foot to learn how his four sons have been doing in various parts of the Soviet Union. It emerges as a combination of travel poster and those larger-than-life murals that decorate the Soviet pavilions at international fairs.

Mar del Plata also afforded its visitors an opportunity to see the work of some of its younger film makers who have not yet made the festival scene, and to learn both their intentions and their problems. Inevitably, problem number one is to find broader distribution for their pictures. Although Argentina turns out perhaps thirty films a year, can make them on budgets as low as $30,000 for a feature, and is not inhospitable to new talents, a picture has to be enormously successful merely to earn back its costs in the domestic market. But the younger directors, their eyes glued on Resnais and Antonioni, make films that occasionally appeal to the more sophisticated Argentinians, but are neither good enough to compete in the international art film movement nor simple enough to win their share of the Spanish-language market dominated by Mexico. They produce films that are relentlessly modern, relentlessly artistic, knowing that their government rewards "artistic" achievements with a bounty that sometimes equals the total cost of production.

At the same time, these directors seem to realize that they, alone and unaided, are not likely to penetrate the foreign market to any real extent. Throughout the festival, there was talk of co-production – with France, with England, with the United States. One sensed that an underlying purpose of the Festival itself was to acquaint the foreign visitors with Argentina's own film facilities, like the splendidly equipped and modern Alex Laboratory in Buenos Aires. There was frequent mention of the fact that a first-rate feature could be turned out in Argentina for a below-the-line cost (exclusive of talent) of $100,000, and that they had the studios to do it in. Since making "deals" is always an important part of any festival, the creation of a few co-productions in Argentina may justify an estimated outlay of more than 3,000,000 pesos ($150,000) for this year's fiasco. Certainly nothing else can. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

All About a Modern Eve

DOROTHY BREWSTER, long associated with Columbia University, has written *Doris Lessing* (Twayne, $3.50), the first detailed study of a British novelist whose importance grows increasingly clear. Miss Brewster remarks that Mrs. Lessing resents the assumption that certain of her novels are autobiographical, insisting that, although a character may begin by resembling her, it becomes a different, independent, unique person in the work of fiction. Novelists have always said something like this—even Proust, even Lawrence, even Wolfe—and in a significant way they have been right; but it remains true that certain novelists draw more directly on their own experiences than others, and sometimes interesting problems result.

In 1952, after publishing a first novel and a collection of short stories, Mrs. Lessing published a book called *Martha Quest*, about a girl who grew up, as she herself did, in Southern Rhodesia during the Twenties and Thirties. Although she had a strong feeling for the veld country, she was in revolt against her parents, with their middle-class and white supremacy notions, and fled to the capital city, presumably Salisbury. Here, as told in *A Proper Marriage* (1954), Martha fell in with a group of moderately well-to-do, hard-drinking, sexually experimental men and women and eventually married one of them. Discovering that her husband was essentially conventional and a dull fellow, she left him. Soon she encountered a group of devoted Communists, as told in *A Ripple from the Storm* (1958), and for a time her life was almost completely absorbed in the cause.

At this point Mrs. Lessing abandoned Martha, and her next novel was *The Golden Notebook* (SR, June 30, 1962), whose heroine, Anna Wulf, also bears certain striking resemblances to her creator. The treatment of the material, however, is quite different. The series about Martha Quest is a straightforward story of a person's life, an example, as Miss Brewster says, of *le roman fleuve*. But Mrs. Lessing had apparently come to feel that this kind of conventional narrative did not reveal the complexities of experience as she had felt them. She therefore devised a method by which many aspects of her heroine's life—maternal, political, literary, psychological, sexual—could be presented more or less simultaneously. The result is a novel that says more about women in our times than anything else I can think of, and says a lot about our times.

The question that has to be asked is why, having found a form that was suited to the complexity she was dealing with, Mrs. Lessing returned to the simpler method of the Martha Quest series. The first two novels, which had not previously been published in this country, appeared in 1964 in one volume under the general title *Children of Violence*. Now the third part, published in England in 1958, and the fourth part, which Mrs. Lessing has written in the past two years, appear in a second volume, *Children of Violence: A Ripple from the Storm and Landlocked* (Simon & Schuster, $6.95).

As I have said, Martha Quest became acquainted with a small but passionate group of Communists about 1942. (What is obviously the same material is treated differently in the "Black Notebook" section of *The Golden Notebook*.) With impressive power Mrs. Lessing makes the reader feel the impact on certain persons of the Communist dream in certain periods of history. At the same time her characters, Martha included, are not always free from doubt, and at the end of *A Ripple from the Storm* Martha is forced to recognize how visionary her plans for the freedom of the people, black and white, of Southern Rhodesia have been. (The novel throws much light on what has recently happened in that country.)

It was at that point that Mrs. Lessing abandoned the *Children of Violence* series and wrote *The Golden Notebook*. Perhaps one of the reasons for attempting a new departure was the hopelessness of the situation with which *A Ripple from the Storm* ends. One of Anna Wulf's problems is her inability to write a second novel after the success of the first. This has clearly not been the problem of Mrs. Lessing, who has been continuously productive, but she seems to have felt in 1958 that she had gone as far in a particular direction as she could go.

What is interesting in *Landlocked* is that Martha remains in the blind alley in which she is left at the end of the preceding novel. Life goes on, of course: her job, her political activities, her difficult relations with her dying father. Her second marriage, which has never counted for much, peters out, but she has a more satisfying love affair than she has ever known. After 1945 the sympathy for Communism that had been encouraged by Russian heroism in the war declines, and Martha, like many of her comrades, has doubts of her own about the Soviet Union. At the end the failure of a strike of Negro workers indicates how far into the future hope must be deferred. Martha, who has been longing ever since the beginning of the war to go to England, now dreams of the sea, a symbol of the spiritual freedom she can

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never feel in this landlocked province.

As epigraph for Part III of *Landlocked*, Mrs. Lessing has a magnificently apt quotation from Saint Polycarp (156 A.D.): "My God, in what a century have you caused me to live!" "Martha did not believe in violence," Mrs. Lessing says, and then goes on: "Martha was the essence of violence, she had been conceived, bred, fed, and reared on violence." She was what she was "because she had been born at the end of one world war, and had spent all her adolescence in the atmosphere of preparations for another which had lasted five years and had inflicted such wounds on the human race that no one had any idea of what the results would be."

What will happen to this child of violence in the fifth and, we are told, last novel of the series? Will she become a writer, as Mrs. Lessing and Anna Wulf did? Will she again be committed to Communism and again be disillusioned? When and how will this *roman fleuve* reach the sea? If Miss Brewster knows she does not tell us.

But, even as matters stand now, whatever the conclusion may be, Mrs. Lessing stands out sharply as one of the finest chroniclers of this period of history. *The Golden Notebook* is a brilliantly successful tour de force, but Mrs. Lessing has now shown that she can get much the same effects in a conventionally biographical novel. Through the actions, thoughts, and emotions of Martha Quest, rendered with extraordinary intensity, Mrs. Lessing communicates her sense of the age in which she has lived and is living. What a century!

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1182

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1182 will be found in the next issue.

NMLSL GH IT HEAM NMGIW UH

U YTSUF TS GYYTSUF QTTX.

QTTXH USL CLFF CSGNNLI TS

QUPFO CSGNNLI. NMUN GH UFF.

—THAUS CGFPL

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1181

I would rather have men ask why I have no statue than why I have one.

—CATO.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Hawk-Handsaw Hassle

WHILE I AGREE with Mr. Philip Burton's gentle criticism of Rouben Mamoulian's *Shakespeare's "Hamlet": A New Version* [*SR*, Mar. 5], I must disagree with him on two minor technical points.

In discussing the Schlegel translation of *Hamlet*, Mr. Burton says, "For instance, he thought the implication of 'I know a hawk from a handsaw' was merely one of size, and he substituted 'I know a church tower from a cathedral spire,' thereby completely missing the subtlety of 'I know a bird of prey from an innocent one, even though the innocent one is bigger.'" I am at a loss to know by what process Mr. Burton makes a handsaw into an innocent bird; a hawk, on the other hand, is merely a common (and old) name for a plasterer's mortarboard. So the expression "I know a hawk from a handsaw" merely means "I can tell a bricklayer from a carpenter."

Next, Mr. Burton takes Mr. Mamoulian to task for translating "bare bodkin" into "mere dagger." He says "Shakespeare meant 'bodkin,' not 'dagger,' the point being that a large domestic needle is enough to cause death." Quite true, but it would be a messy thing to try to stab oneself with. In any case, Mr. Mamoulian is also right this time as, historically, a bodkin is also a small dagger. (See Eric Partridge's *Origins*: *bodkin*: Middle English *boydekyn, boidekin, boitequin*, a dagger).

N. SADLIER-BROWN.

Ottawa, Canada

IF YOU attribute an ornithological meaning to the word "handsaw" then the expression makes no sense, in spite of Mr. Burton's effort to rationalize. . . .

JAMES D. WILLIAMS.

Corydon, Ind.

ONE HAS TO MAKE a choice in the hawk-handsaw problem. Either "hawk" must be taken to mean the plasterer's tool, and I believe there is no certain use of this meaning until around 1700, or "handsaw" must be taken as a misprint for "hernshaw," a heron, which was the conjecture of the eighteenth-century editors Sir Thomas Hanmer and Edward Capell. Thomas Wright in the English Dialect Dictionary even says that "handsaw" is itself a North Country variant of "hernshaw." What determines my choice, as it always does, is dramatic appropriateness and effectiveness. In a scene in which Hamlet has come to suspect that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are but emissaries of Claudius, it seems to me dramatically significant to choose the meaning which implies, "I can tell an enemy from a friend." The same kind of reasoning makes me reject "mere dagger" as a substitute for "bare bodkin." An instrument of death, a dagger, is not needed to cause death; a bodkin is enough. As for the messiness of the death, I doubt if that is a consideration that weighs much with a suicide.

PHILIP BURTON.

New York, N.Y.

THOMAS BOWDLER'S name furnished a new word to the English language—"bowdlerize." Perhaps Rouben Mamoulian's name will be immortalized by "mamoulianize"—and it would serve him right!

JOHN A. DRON, SR.

Ojai, Calif.

Crimes Common and Uncommon

I READ WITH GREAT INTEREST the review of Wilhelm Keitel's so-called memoirs [*SR*, Mar. 5]. But, unfortunately, Keitel did not mention in his self-serving book the mass of common crimes he committed, among them mass murder of Russian prisoners of war and of civilian populations in occupied countries.

On Aug. 4, 1942, Keitel issued a directive that Allied paratroopers were to be turned over to the Security Service of the SS Elite guards, which meant plain murder. After the landing in Normandy, Keitel reaffirmed the so-called Commando Order, which meant murder too. When, on Sept. 8, 1941, the ruthless regulations for the treatment of Soviet POWs were issued, Germany's Chief of G2, Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, wrote to Keitel about the illegality of these orders. Keitel's answer: "This is a destruction of an ideology. Therefore I approve and back the measures." On May 13, 1941, Keitel signed an order that civilians suspected of offenses against troops should be shot without trial. There exists a whole catalogue of murderous activities ordered by Keitel.

In fact, he wanted to confess them in open court, and the stage was already set. But, the night before, Keitel's defense lawyer, with whom I had discussed the whole matter of the planned confession, brought me a letter from Keitel. There he explained that he could not make any confession. His boss and co-prisoner in the Nuremberg jail had told him not to make any confession because this would upset the whole boat if one would jump out.

Keitel was sentenced to death in Nuremberg because he was responsible for the murder of innumerable innocent civilians and prisoners of war. The law, you should not kill, is a couple of thousand years older than the Nuremberg Trials. Under this common penal law Keitel was sentenced and not because he lost a war—as some nationalistic circles and neo-Nazis are claiming now.

ROBERT M. W. KEMPNER,
Former U.S. Deputy Chief of Counsel
at the Nuremberg War Crimes Trials.

Lansdowne, Pa.

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His Own Kind of Realism

THE WAY most modern critics talk about him—or, rather, don't talk about him—makes you suspect sometimes that they have picked him for the central role in a conspiracy of silence. Even for the finest of his short stories they have only a condescending word, leaving the impression that at his best he was a flash in California's rich literary gold pan, back there in the post-forty-niners era. Here, in the first full-fledged study of him in a number of years, *Bret Harte* (Little, Brown, $6.95), Richard O'Connor makes perfectly clear why a lot of Harte's contemporaries despised him as a person. He was arrogant and foppish, and his penchant for borrowing money that he had no slightest intention of repaying amounted to theft. One of his principal victims, Mark Twain, could be pardoned for describing him to the doubtless startled Henry James as a "son of a bitch."

Could it be that Mark's loathing colored certain judgments that have ever since been passed upon Harte, critically as well as personally? Time was, in their early days together in San Francisco, when Mark was profoundly grateful for what Harte taught him about writing; and though Harte surely gave him cause for offense in later years, might there not have been in Mark's anti-Harte diatribes some of the traditional debtor's resentment of the creditor?

Mark's admirers, it would seem, carried the battle into our time. Observe Bernard De Voto, in *Mark Twain's America*, calling Harte, with magisterial pompousness, "a literary charlatan whose tales have greatly pleased the second-rate"; and Wallace Stegner, in a nagging introduction to a paperbound edition of *The Outcasts of Poker Flat and Other Tales*, granting him not much more than a clean, direct prose style and the building of a "little world of picturesque localism." Even O'Connor thinks that "The Luck" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" are "about all of Harte that endures in the consciousness of his homeland."

Well, now, I wonder about that. Anybody reasonably well versed in nineteenth-century American literature, I would say offhand, can hardly fail to recall not only those two among Harte's stories but also "M'liss," "Tennessee's Partner," "How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar," "Miggles," and "The Idyl of Red Gulch." I'll go somewhat further and say that to this day they remain highly readable, running from good to excellent, endowed with characters who *live* (especially those sprightly girls; as Mr. O'Connor notes, "there were no wallflowers in his portrait gallery of American womanhood"). And there is that spare, graceful, disciplined style with which, in a paragraph, he could set a scene so vividly that it sticks in the mind for years.

"Simpson's Bar" begins, "It had been raining in the valley of the Sacramento," and in seventy-eight more words you learn what flood waters did to the Mother Lode country and you are ready to enter upon a story still able to move the heart of a reader lacking the ferocity of a De Voto. As for that style which always did just what Harte wanted it to do, it would benefit all of us if some of our windier fictionists, the Allen Drurys *et al.*, went back to a master of precision and tried to learn something.

There had to be a reason why Harte's artistry attracted such fellow-authors of his own day as Dickens (whose juxtaposition of pathos and laughter he adapted to his own uses), Ambrose Bierce, and William Dean Howells, and, later, Kipling (who acknowledged his debt to Harte), and the not easily deceived H. L. Mencken. The reason could be that, while his stories bring dismay to Professor Stegner by having "no real character . . . no symbolic depth, no valid commentary on the human condition, no inadvertent self-revelation," Harte did entertain, as writers greater than himself have been pleased to do, and, above all, he *created*, as even Stegner gets around to admitting.

"In his Yuba Bills and Jack Hamlins he made trial syntheses of the American character in local western terms," the professor grants, writing more fancily than Harte was wont to; and, finally and with a grudging air: "With all their faults upon them, the inhabitants of Red Dog and Poker Flat belong somewhere in the literary tradition with Leatherstocking and Huckleberry Finn."

Well, yes—and not a bad record for one writer in one lifetime. But alas for poor Harte, he drew his people so succinctly and well that, borrowed endlessly by other writers and by the films, they became stock characters and hence subject to patronizing ridicule. John Oakhurst, gentleman gambler; Colonel Starbottle, late of the Old South, and Mother Shipton, the heart-of-gold prostitute—there *were* such people then and there, along with the roughnecks and the killers, as critics bent on "realism" can't bring themselves to acknowledge. Harte knew and had lived among such people, and if he wrote of them with an elegant detachment that some have found heartless, it was his way of keeping himself out of the picture and letting the reader see them as he saw them. As Van Wyck Brooks once pointed out, he based most of his characters on actual models. He painted his scenes not as a documentary artist might have done but with the flashing touch of the impressionist. He could take a happy ending or leave it alone. In short, he had his own kind of realism within the context of his time, as readers must have sensed

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through the years. No mere artificer could have held the public so long.

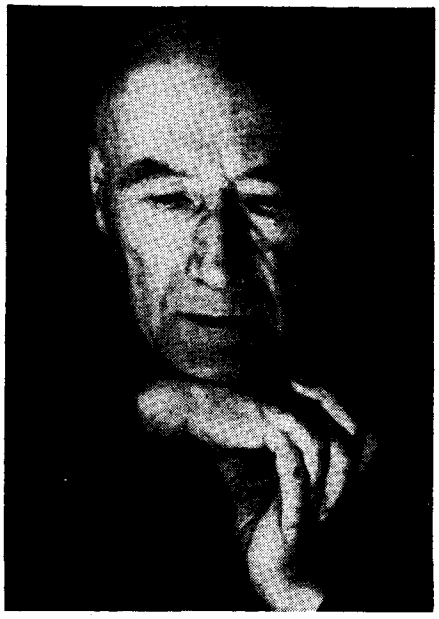
Ultimately, as Mr. O'Connor shows, his failings as a writer reflected his failings as a human being. Success spoiled him. He lacked the will to break out of the form with which he had made his name and fame, to go on to other materials and scenes, though he occasionally tried to. And there was about him that fatuousness that moved him to wear bright green gloves when he read the Phi Beta Kappa poem at a Harvard Commencement, and, in the self-imposed European exile of his last twenty-five years, to become the pseudo-English clubman, complete with monocle.

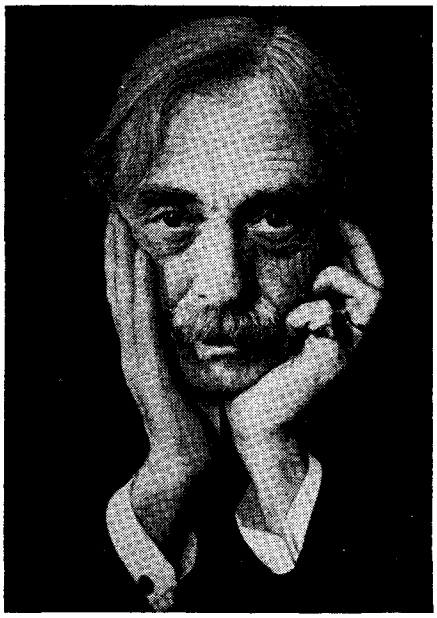
Yet Mr. O'Connor, who writes less as a critic than as an understanding analyst of Harte's life and times, can explain much of this without excusing it. A man so desperately in need of money as Harte usually was naturally fell back on the one thing he could do best—indeed, the only thing he could do well. Endlessly, in his expatriate quarter-century, he returned in memory to the Sierras, too often sentimentally, because the old sharp edge was gone. But not entirely so. His detractors would have you believe that he was reduced to being a hack, a notion perhaps enhanced by Mark Twain's pronouncement that when Harte left San Francisco forever in 1871 he had lived all of his life that was worth living. Not so, says Mr. O'Connor in effect, citing such stories sent over from England in the 1890s as "A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's" and "An Ingénue of the Sierras," in which the old brilliance flashed again.

It did not dazzle his countrymen at home. They had half forgotten him. Editors paid him a fraction of his old rates. Californians, who always did take a dim view of his courageous defense of Chinese and Indian minorities, and were angered by his departure to the East, openly scorned him. Well along on the booster trail by then, they were annoyed when he dwelt on the old, violent days. But on a journey through the Mother Lode country last summer I was happy to see that they feel quite differently about him now. This or that old camp proudly claims to be the setting for one or another of his tales. His excellence as editor of *The Overland Monthly* is recalled with pride, as is his place in that cosmopolitan San Francisco literary society that Mr. O'Connor portrays so well. His people and his stories are home again, in a manner of speaking, and so is he. It's expecting too much, I guess, to hope that Mr. O'Connor's good book will bring about a Harte revival. But you might turn back to some of those stories, like "The Luck" and "The Outcasts" and "A Passage in the Life of Mr. John Oakhurst," and stage your own revival.

—JOHN K. HUTCHENS.

Rose Petals Among the Postscripts





—*Pictorial Parade.*

André Gide and Paul Valéry—"halftones and delicate analogies."

Self Portraits: The Gide-Valéry Letters, 1890-1942, *edited by Robert Mallet, abridged and translated from the French by June Guicharnaud (University of Chicago Press. 340 pp. $10), follows the lives of the two divergent writers from the esthetic dandyism of their youth to the responsibilities of maturity. Laurent LeSage teaches French literature at Pennsylvania State University.*

By LAURENT LESAGE

READING biographies of authors has been a guilty pleasure since the New Critics in America declared that an author's work should be sufficient unto itself, and the still newer critics in France made a sacred principle of Proust's dubious distinction between the author and the man. It seems absurd to think, however, that letters like these between André Gide and Paul Valéry—even in their most trivial and anecdotal aspects—could not make their books a richer experience for us.

The correspondence begins in 1890, just as their careers are beginning. The twenty-one-year-old Gide is working on the *Cahiers d'André Walter*; Valéry, two years younger, is composing verse in Montpellier and dreaming of the literary life of Paris. The two meet one winter day and thenceforth, for more than fifty years, they keep in touch. Their letters number almost 500, of which we find somewhat more than half in this able translation by June Guicharnaud.

It is amusing to visualize the first contacts of these two adolescents who stroll among tombs while chewing on rose petals. The early letters reek of *sehnsucht* and schmaltz. Greeting each other with tender epithets, they plan meetings under the moon where their souls can unite. They exchange thoughts on death, life, and literature in the stilted style of young esthetes in the Nineties. Each missive is designed to be "some subtle landscape of the soul, full of quivering halftones and delicate analogies." The young provincial and his Parisian friend are symbolists *à outrance*, and, although the pose grows less and less apparent, perhaps they always will be. When one turns from these letters to the works he sees how much of Valéry and Gide derives from the moral dandyism that was in fashion during their youth.

The lyrical gushing diminishes as the correspondence progresses, and book business, news, and gossip take its place. The letters detail their professional and social lives: encounters with Mallarmé, Hérédia, Huysmans, Régnier; travels abroad; publications. The petal-eaters mature, assume the responsibilities of marriage and family, even of civic duty. Finally we see them as great public figures, with all the obligations that position imposes.

The correspondence records two lives and, as the English title indicates, paints two portraits. Of Gide we may already

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know so much that here we find mainly corroboration, which is valuable notwithstanding, were it only for the constant illustration of the professionalism that dominated his life. Valéry was to realize that Gide could sacrifice everything and everybody to his work, whereas Valéry was never really convinced of the value of anything. It may be that it is his personality which these letters most reveal. For Valéry, the life of the spirit seemed a mockery and life in the world a harassment. Yet, while distrusting all, he renounced nothing, not even medals and ribbons. Out of the tensions, as these letters show so well, Valéry created his great works. It is shocking to find that it bored him to write them.

Apparently Valéry did not admire Gide's works greatly, and Gide felt uncomfortable in Valéry's presence. What, then, was the bond that united these men of widely divergent temperament and talent? Robert Mallet says it was friendship. Yet Valéry's motto remained "*Méfiez-vous!*," and Gide never broached to Valéry the subject that was his greatest preoccupation. The letters raise the question; they do not provide a pat answer.

They remind us that we have not yet the whole story even of Gide, and that we should look for new meanings in the books of both.

Critic's Choice of Contemporaries

The Modern Movement, *by Cyril Connolly (Atheneum. 148 pp. $4.50), comments briefly on 100 key books from England, France, and the U.S., written between 1880 to 1950. Leon Edel, biographer and critic, wrote "The Modern Psychological Novel."*

By LEON EDEL

TO THOSE who have followed Cyril Connolly's literary journalism since the late 1920s, and admired his career during the Second World War as editor of *Horizon,* the present volume will appear as one of the "larkiest" things he has done. Essentially a master of the short, and a polished essayist (as in his brilliant early book on "enemies of promise"), Connolly has here put together, as if he were playing an after-dinner game, 100 capsule reviews of "great" books of modern times. His idea is amusing, and some of his choices are inevitable (that is, everyone would make them); others are personal. He doesn't pretend his list is complete; he is aware that someone else might select different titles. But his list is narrow, in the sense that Connolly leaves out the Germans, the Russians, the Italians. "I cannot absolutely judge a book from translation," he says. He should try, for he isn't consistent. He omits Dostoevsky, Kafka, Mann; yet includes a translation of Koestler's *Darkness at Noon.*

He is also chronologically erratic. "Enter America," he writes of Wallace Stevens's *Harmonium,* published in 1923; but America had entered much earlier, as Connolly shows, with James, Pound, and Eliot. And he lists "The Waste Land" of 1922 under 1917, because he wants us to consider it together with "Prufrock," as one book. Our whole sense of the "modern" depends on our knowing that it was in the *annus mirabilis* of 1922 that Joyce gave us *Ulysses* and Eliot "The Waste Land." But we can accept this free-and-easy bibliographizing if we recognize that Connolly's choices are made with the heart rather than the head.

Connolly is a romantic, and he proceeds, I think, by intuition—by taste rather than historical knowledge. This kind of book—even if it is a *jeu d'esprit*—needs both. The preface is a feeble mixture of anecdote and generalization. It tells us nothing more than that the "modern movement" began as a revolt against the Victorian in England, the bourgeois in France, and the puritan in the U.S. But Connolly never tells us what the "modern" is. I think part of the confusion resides in his mingling the books that represented innovation—that is, new ways of seeing, feeling, saying—with the merely "contemporary," which is another matter. For example, Connolly chooses a book by Somerset Maugham and then admits that "most of Maugham's work is traditional rather than modern." So too was Thomas Hardy's, even though his novels were novels of revolt. Neither Maugham nor Hardy was an innovator in form, nor was Scott Fitzgerald, who is also listed.

The weakness of Connolly's commentaries lies in his not sufficiently isolating the books that brilliantly fragmented and changed old forms in order to give us deeper insight into ourselves. The "inward turning" represented by both twentieth-century psychology and the subjective novel (Joyce, Proust, Virginia Woolf, Faulkner, Kafka), the ability to create and use symbols (Yeats, Eliot, Pound), and the concept of dislocation, isolation, alienation (Dostoevsky, Mann, Camus, Orwell)—these are some of the elements of the "modern," reflected not only in literature but in painting and music. One does not find a rationale in this book: Ronald Firbank stands side by side with Hemingway, D. H. Lawrence, Robert Graves. The choices are those of an enthusiast, who seems to have spent a morning browsing among his books to compile not so much a bibliography of the "modern" as a list of "modern books that have interested me"—as Arnold Bennett used to do in his bland, disarming way.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

Females pop up in the strangest places, according to Harry Ober of Brookline, Mass. He says that by filling in the blanks around each girl's name, you will discover a word answering to one of the definitions in the second column. Proof on page 41.

__AGNES____( )	1. make clear
__ANITA____( )	2. amazed terror
ANNE____( )	3. unimpaired
____CORA____( )	4. heat and cool
______ELLA( )	5. hygienic
________ERNA_____( )	6. a certain gland
____EVA__( )	7. exceptional
______IVA____( )	8. nullify
________LIDA____( )	9. element
__LUCI_____( )	10. contemporary
____MINA____( )	11. of wedlock
____NORMA__( )	12. praise to the Lord
__OSA_____( )	13. adorn
____RITA__( )	14. kneecap
____VIOLA____( )	15. suggest

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Mirrors for a Mad World

Dada: Art and Anti-Art, *by Hans Richter (McGraw-Hill. 246 pp. Paperback, $3.95), and* ***Pop Art . . . and After,*** *by Mario Amaya (Viking. 148 pp. $8.50), chronicle two esthetic movements, fifty years apart, that have forced us to look at the world we have made. George Heard Hamilton is professor of art history at Yale University.*

By GEORGE HEARD HAMILTON

ART PLAYS odd tricks with history. Ten years ago, when Abstract Expressionism was riding high, Dada's fortieth birthday was observed, if at all, more like its obsequies. But Tristan Tzara had always insisted that Dada was dead even from the start, so it could be considered a closed case, a somewhat erratic historical event worth a few lines in a textbook. Now, in 1966, few things seem more dead and gone than Abstract Expressionism, while Dada, ever since Pop art appeared, has been a lively issue. One wants to know its relevance for the present and its value in terms of the past. Two new and interesting books may help to resolve these problems, even if one man's answers turn out to be another man's questions.

Hans Richter, the distinguished avant-garde film-maker, is best known in this country as the producer of *Dreams That Money Can Buy* and as chairman for many years of the film department at City College of New York. Richter is also an abstract painter whose works have recently been seen in many European cities. Long before this, in 1916, he turned up in Zurich in time to help Hugo Ball, Tzara, and Jean Arp organize the movement they called Dada. As a charter member, Richter writes in *Dada: Art and Anti-Art* of the Zurich days and of Berlin after 1919, not only with the authority of one who was there but also with tolerance, sympathy, and humor, qualities noticeably lacking in most earlier Dada histories. For an artist (and this is intended kindly) he is also a scrupulous historian, carefully weighing his sources when, as so often happens in the Dada chronicles, the dates, the characters, and what they said and did don't jibe. If there are few factual surprises in his account, the events, especially in Berlin and Paris, are related more fully than usual; best of all, there are his reflections on Dada itself.

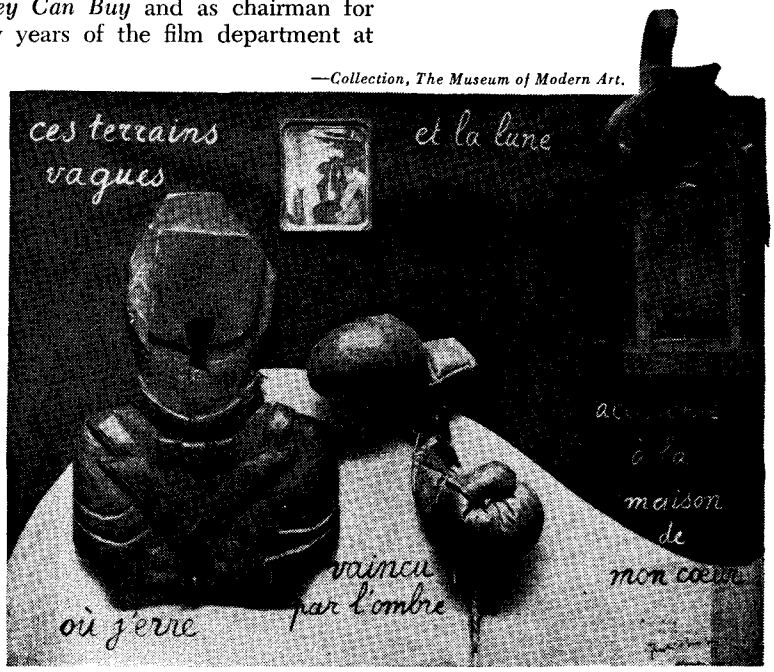
Richter writes of Dada as "an artistic revolt," "a total revolution," or "a new artistic order." It can be no coincidence that Jung, also in Zurich, wrote in October 1918 that "every individual needs revolution, inner division, overthrow of the existing order, and renewal." This reads like a description of the Dada attitude, and indeed Dada was, as Richter makes plain, born of the despair and hope engendered by an incredible cultural calamity. But its negation, its destructiveness, its determination to be uncompromisingly anti-artistic were not entirely anticultural attitudes. Anti-art implies the existence of art, and the mustache Duchamp drew on the *Mona Lisa* insulted not the painting so much as all those who in the name of European culture were trying to bring it down in ruins. Richter also reminds us that the Dadas loved a good laugh, something he thinks art historians, especially in this country, often forget. But he adds that "we took our laughter seriously," for it was "the only guarantee of the seriousness with which, on our voyage of self-discovery, we practiced anti-art." More poetically, Hugo Ball, whom Richter wisely quotes at length, summed up the Dada effort and achievement in his definition of a Dada poem: It "carries the message that mankind is swallowed up in a mechanistic process. In a generalized and compressed form it represents the battle of the human voice against a world which menaces, ensnares, and finally destroys it, a world whose rhythm and whose din are inescapable."

The world's rhythm and din are right there in Pop art. In fact, without them what would Pop art be? But is there anything else, the battle of a human voice, or a voyage of self-discovery? Is the laughter serious or not? These are difficult questions, the more so because the enthusiasm with which Pop has been received by almost every organ of our higher cultural establishment inhibits criticism.

Much of it is good, and good for us. It has swept away the diminishing mannerisms of later Abstract Expressionism and replaced them with hard, bright images taken from what the young American critic Mario Amaya, in his *Pop Art . . . and After,* calls the ad-mass scene. The scene is horrifying but bracing, this urban world of the comics and the supermarket, the used-car lot and the quick-lunch counter. We made this world, but we never looked at it until Pop art appeared. And now Pop frightens us with its apparently cynical acceptance of what Jung described as "the incredible brutalization of common judgments."

Pop is indebted to Dada, which used to be frightening too, for certain techniques of chance, for locating the found object, and for the acceptance of the world immediately around us. But where the Dadas were furiously angry, the Pop artists play it cool. They may actually, artist for artist, be more interesting, even more competent, than the run of the Dadas. They are certainly more brash, more ingenious, and less hampered by artistic conventions. Whether their world will survive the ruck of our age, as Arp's, Schwitter's, and Duchamp's have theirs, only time will tell. Meanwhile Richter and Amaya supply much useful information. Both books are well illustrated and have comprehensive bibliographies.

—*Collection, The Museum of Modern Art.*



"Objet-Poème," by André Breton.

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Days Between Depression and War

1933: Characters in Crisis, *by Herbert Feis (Little, Brown. 366 pp. $7.50), recalls the chaotic days of the early New Deal, particularly those during the World Monetary and Economic Conference more than three decades ago. Louis J. Walinsky is an economic consultant specializing in national planning and policy problems. The latest book by him is "The Planning and Execution of Economic Development."*

By LOUIS J. WALINSKY

ONE OF the more interesting, if frequently frustrating relationships in an increasingly complex and specialized world is that between the professional adviser and the politicians and political appointees he counsels and serves. Herbert Feis was economic adviser to the State Department under Herbert Hoover and Henry Stimpson, and was carried over in the same capacity under Franklin Roosevelt and Cordell Hull. While somewhat broader than a memoir, his book is a personalized, participant-witness account which deals chiefly with the awkward period between Roosevelt's election and inauguration, the disorderly events leading up to the World Monetary and Economic Conference, the chaotic conduct and abortive end of that Conference, the devaluation of the dollar, and the recognition of the Soviet Union. It points up also what can today be viewed only as our strange inaction—indifference, almost—to Japan's conquest of Manchuria and to the early steps in Hitler's march toward war.

The World Monetary and Economic Conference of 1933, however, is really the core of Dr. Feis's story. With the entire Western world in the depths of the greatest depression in modern history, with German reparations payments and World War I Allied debt repayments in a state of collapse, and with gold redemption of the pound sterling and the dollar both suspended, it was only natural that the nations assembled at the Conference should have insisted, at the very least, on some indication by the United States that it would try, within reason, to limit excessive fluctuations in the value of the dollar as an essential prerequisite to any useful progress by the Conference. Determined to retain a free hand in the forthcoming devaluation of the dollar, President Roosevelt refused to assure this, and the Conference foundered. What is remarkable is not that priority was accorded domestic rather than international-policy concerns, but that, given the unresolved domestic question, the United States did not postpone the Conference until it had decided how much to devalue the dollar, so that it could participate usefully with its bargaining weapon in hand.

This overriding national consideration Feis appreciated very well. What he obviously had much less sympathy for was the ineptness, undignified confusion, and cross-purposes that characterized FDR's remote control over the delegation and the unpleasant doings within the delegation. Among the latter, the abrasive relationship between Cordell Hull and Raymond Moley stands out, but there were other problems, notably the drunken and highly partisan conduct of Senator Key Pittman, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Feis is now able, after some thirty-three years, to treat these aspects with a tolerance that approaches geniality, as in his recollection of the inebriated Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee chasing him down the corridors of London's Claridge Hotel, hunting knife in hand. Time has evidently healed the lonesome professional's emotional wounds and bleached out their scars to blend into the hide.

DR. FEIS's account is studded with great and near-great names. Those of Roosevelt, Stimson, Henry Wallace, Felix Frankfurter, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Dean Acheson, Bernard Baruch, Ramsay MacDonald, John Maynard Keynes, Maxim Litvinov, and Lady Astor will be more meaningful to contemporary readers than will others like William Bullitt, Montagu Norman, James Warburg, William Woodin, Governor James Cox, Georges Bonnet, Norman Davis, Ogden Mills, Oliver Sprague, and Lewis Douglas. As personalities, Hull and Moley get the fullest treatment. Most of the others we meet only fleetingly or superficially. But even these are of interest to anyone with a personal recollection of the times. FDR himself, in the several glimpses we have of him here, is shown as confident, breezy, blithe, careless, inconsiderate, impressionable, hasty, given to improvisation, and capable of both muddled thinking and juvenile humor. Dr. Feis's observations are not ill-tempered; they reflect, rather, the fact that the historian and economist is here concerned with a series of events which simply do not reveal that many-sided and multi-gifted man at his best.

For serious readers in their mid-fifties and older, *1933: Characters in Crisis* will unleash a host of recollections. The book should also stimulate in them, and in younger readers, too, all sorts of reflections. What if, for example, we had been willing to take a collective stand with France and England against a possible German aggression, or had been less than timid in expressing to Hitler our views concerning his persecution of the Jews, or had even relaxed our immigration controls so as to permit more than a handful to escape before the holocaust?

HOW unrealistic and unprepared both psychologically and institutionally to cope with its problems does that pre-Keynesian, pre-World War II United States seem from the vantage of today! Nowhere is this so evident as in the New Deal's initial attempts to combat mass unemployment by tinkering with the monetary mechanism and price manipulation, rather than by instituting massive public expenditure programs. At that time there was no professional, highly competent Council of Economic Advisers to guide the President on the basis of the best economic understanding then available, or a professionally-staffed Joint Economic Committee of the Congress competent to review Executive programs, or even a relatively worldly element among the banking and business communities. Tugwell, Moley, Warren, Sprague, Warburg, and company were truly babes-in-arms compared with Keyserling, Heller, Ackley, Galbraith, Samuelson, and company. And, of course, on the international front, no mechanism like the International Monetary Fund had even been conceived. But the most significant contrast, I believe, is between our determination, as a primly neutral America, not to become involved in Europe's or Asia's squabbles, and our post-World War II assumption of the responsibility for the containment of Communism throughout the world. Realism, sophistication, and responsibility also permit error and pose dangers, as Vietnam will attest—but who would prefer the amateurishness of that earlier day?

Dr. Feis's book is an interesting postscript to the relatively neglected international aspects of the early New Deal. However, its chief value and interest lie in reminding us how far we have traveled — yes, progressed — since those terribly distraught, relatively innocent days.

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Kind Words for Founding Fathers

***1787: The Grand Convention,** by Clinton Rossiter (Macmillan. 438 pp. $7.95), restores the heroic glow to the Founding Fathers, painting them as one of the greatest bodies of men ever assembled. Professor of history at the University of California at Santa Barbara, Wilbur R. Jacobs edited "Frederick Jackson Turner's Legacy: Unpublished Writings in American History."*

By WILBUR R. JACOBS

CLINTON ROSSITER, professor of government at Cornell University, is a political scientist who writes about the living as well as the dead. In his previous books he has exhibited a lively concern for the historic origins of modern American political institutions: our "seeds of liberty," our conservative traditions, the evolution of political parties, and the American Presidency. Professor Rossiter's works have illuminated the past that we might understand the present.

In *1787* Mr. Rossiter zeroes in on the Constitutional Convention, an event and a year that mark perhaps the great turning point in our history: the emergence of a new nation-state. Writing a book on this subject is no easy task; for over a century historians have rehashed and embellished myths about the Constitutional Fathers. Controversies about what happened in 1787 were discussed by the historian Jared Sparks, who in the 1830s harassed the aging James Madison about details of the Convention. As a result of the writings of George Bancroft and John Fiske near the turn of the century a heroic glow was cast upon the Fathers. But in the 1920s, a new image appeared. The Fathers were portrayed as a group of power-hungry, greedy rascals, eager to protect investments in land and depreciated paper money. This interpretation was repeatedly attacked and demolished by historians, who broke lances over "scientific" truth or "relative" truth, and lately a whole new generation of historians, gorging themselves on vast fresh sources of information, have tended to revive the nineteenth-century viewpoint of John Fiske.

Rossiter's book is, in many respects, a synthesis of recent scholarship. He stresses the primacy of the year 1787 and the general concept that the Constitution preserves and furthers the ideals of the American Revolution. Yet the basic, underlying theme of the book is that the Fathers, representing one of the greatest bodies of men ever assembled, a group of heroes, rescued their country from chaos by creating a constitution that preserved liberty for themselves and for future generations. This viewpoint represents a kind of reincarnation of what John Fiske wrote, almost a century ago.

In his beginning chapters Rossiter delineates the scene with a description of the ills and problems that plagued the new nation. He continues with a series of eloquent, footloose chapters on the various "heroes" who gathered in Philadelphia from the North, the South, and the Middle States. Following his narration of the events at the Convention, largely based on Madison's notes, Rossiter tells the story of the aftermath of the Convention: the ratification struggle, the first years of the Republic, and the last years of the Fathers. A devotee of personality sketches, the author sprinkles his pages with anecdotes about the Fathers as they move on and off his stage. He has skillfully molded his main characters; they are not shadows of the past, but vitally evoked participants in one of the great events in American history.

Confident of his ground, Rossiter sets forth his theme unperturbed by historiographic controversies. This is sure-footed history, concise in argumentation, rich in narrative, and composed for both the layman and the scholar. The style is clean and adroit, and the book shows the author's concern for both presentation and accuracy.

A Turn to the Right

***Life Without Prejudice and Other Essays,** by Richard Weaver (Regnery. 167 pp. $4.50), expresses the standard position of the American intellectual conservative. Barbaralee D. Diamonstein is a member of the White House staff.*

By BARBARALEE D. DIAMONSTEIN

ONE OF the earliest and most able exponents of the post-World War II surge of conservative thinking in the United States was Richard Weaver, professor of English at the University of Chicago. In 1948 he published his influential volume *Ideas Have Consequences,* and this was followed by several less widely discussed books. Now, posthumously, comes *Life Without Prejudice and Other Essays.*

The collection ranges over a wide variety of subjects: the "proper" function of prejudices, the doleful influence of Deweyism in education, the author's own rocky intellectual road "up from liberalism." (Like a number of American conservatives he started out on the left—as a Socialist—and found his new credo the more compelling because he had to travel so far to reach it.) But whatever the topic, the chapters are unified by a dominant concern, as Eliseo Vivas, professor of philosophy at Northwestern University, emphasizes in an admiring introduction. Essay after essay treats, in its own way, what Mr. Weaver considered the intellectual, moral, and political plight of modern man.

In developing this theme Mr. Weaver for the most part expresses standard American intellectual conservatism. He is a U.S. Edmund Burke with touches of Barry Goldwater. The conservative, he writes, "is a realist, who believes that there is a structure of reality independent of his own will and desire. He believes that there is a creation which was here before him, which exists now not by just his sufferance, and which will be here after he's gone. This structure consists not merely of the great physical world but also of many laws, principles, and regulations which control human behavior. . . . This reality . . . cannot be changed radically and arbitrarily. This is the cardinal point. The conservative holds that man in this world cannot make his will his law without any regard to limits and to the fixed nature of things."

When Mr. Weaver comes to his central consideration, the nature of culture and the meaning of cultural freedom, he continues right down the path of rightist thinking. A sound culture is one rooted in the eternal verities of God, country, and family. These values hold a society together; their implementation in everyday activities represents genuine progress.

Proceeding from this premise, Mr. Weaver is against anything that disrupts the absolutism of the traditional. He is

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against pragmatism, political "dogmas" (by which he means strongly felt doctrines of change), minority groups that move vigorously to advance their rights, and the whole panoply of philosophical, sociological, political, and artistic movements which during the last half-century have helped broaden economic and social opportunities for ordinary Americans. To him, cultural freedom is the freedom of tradition "to find its own way of renewing itself." To him, progress is preservation, renewal is return.

Mr. Weaver was a learned man with a degree of insight and imagination, and the volume is not without its fresh points. He has original things to say about the potentialities or regionalism in the United States; he attacks Deweyism in education with shafts that are provocative if not entirely new. He is even capable of shaking off the habits of American conservatism long enough to remark: "It is getting to be a bore to bring Communism into every article that deals with a topic of public concern." But then, swiftly, he climbs back into the ideological cocoon with its tendency toward the snide and the twisted. A liberal, he writes, "is a man who has not made up his mind about much of anything." He declares that we should emphasize much more the word Socialism in "National Socialism." One wonders whether Mr. Weaver really believed that Socialism was the heart of the matter where Nazism was concerned.

Near the end of the collection he makes a plea for abandoning the use of phrases like "the horse and buggy age" in a contemptuous sense, and the entreaty is certainly appropriate in the context of the book. It is difficult to read these thoughtful, generally civilized, at times telling essays without a yawn. Their main thrust is simply irrelevant both to the problems and the possibilities of the 1960s. Mr. Weaver himself seems to have been aware of this. In explaining his love of Civil War history he remarks: "There is something to be said in general for studying the history of a lost cause."

On just about the same grounds, there is something to be said in general for reading this volume.

The Fate of the Five Tribes

Disinherited: The Lost Birthright of the American Indian, *by Dale Van Every (Morrow. 279 pp. $6), recapitulates the betrayal of the Five Civilized Tribes. John Collier, Sr., was Commissioner of Indian Affairs during the Roosevelt Administration. One of the founders of the Inter-American Institute of the Indian, he is the author of "Indians of the Americas" and other books.*

By JOHN COLLIER, SR.

THIS reviewer was born and reared in Georgia. His grandfather served in the army that drove the Cherokees along the "Trail of Tears." He has known the Cherokees from boyhood into the present. Hence the absorption with which he has read *Disinherited.*

There are scores of works that competently treat the vast tragedy which the Five Civilized Tribes suffered at the hands of the white man. No single book is quite as adequate as Dale Van Every's. Without overcompression, *Disinherited* engrossingly relates the entire record. It is a record not of Indian heroism and sorrow alone, but of the heroism and sorrow of hundreds of white men who strove in vain against the betrayal and torture of the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Seminoles, and others of their region.

The book's limitations are self-imposed. It tells nothing about the Indians of the Southwest, the Great Plains, California, or Alaska. Its account of Indian prehistory is brief, (and, unfortunately, at essential points inaccurate). The author deliberately has focused upon, and confined himself to, the immense wrong done the Southeastern tribes not only by the white man in the Southeastern states, but by our national government. In Florida the Seminoles and their Negro slaves, numbering fewer than 3,000, defeated one after another army of the United States Government. Again and again, the Seminole leaders, meeting under a flag of truce, were kidnaped by the government. Osceola, their incomparable leader, was thus taken, and he died in prison in 1839. Yet, the Seminoles never surrendered; they are still holding their own in portions of Florida.

Historically, the core event is the dispossession of the Cherokees. They endured what the other "removed" tribes endured – famine, pestilence, indeed nearly every outrage that the mind can imagine. Like the other relocated tribes, they remained unbroken in spirit through all their torment. One segment of the Cherokees, escaping into the Great Smoky Mountains, were never subdued; they are now a triumphing group of people.

Mr. Van Every tells almost nothing about the Five Tribes following their removal. Again they experienced a long series of betrayals by our government—among them, entirely wanton crushing of their reassembled government and the seizure of their lands in Oklahoma by white men under our government's authorization. There were many other sorrows, but, strange as it may appear, the Indians seemingly never hated the white man or his government. They are today sweet-tempered, industrious, and hopeful.

A short review cannot convey the immensity of this bitter record. It is more graphically told in brief compass by Mr. Van Every than by any previous diarist or author. Within its limitations, *Disinherited* is unconditionally recommended.

"I was looking at some of your old textbooks. You must be terribly misinformed."

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Doctor in an Illegal Dilemma

Lael Tucker Wertenbaker—"protest."

The Afternoon Women, *by Lael Tucker Wertenbaker (Little, Brown. 312 pp. $4.95), argues the case for legalized abortion by presenting the plight of three unwilling mothers-to-be and their law-breaking doctor. Elinor Baumbach is a free-lance writer and critic.*

By ELINOR BAUMBACH

UNFORTUNATELY, Lael Tucker Wertenbaker's newest novel can be taken seriously neither as fiction nor as polemic. This is something of a loss, since her subject is a serious one and her attitude basically correct. Our country's abortion laws are not only fundamentally unjust but are, on the face of things, doubly anachronistic in the age of The Pill. While the modern, emancipated woman takes her daily dosage, the uneducated, the unsophisticated, and the accidental victim of drugs or sexual violence must accept the biological consequences of womanhood or have recourse to what our laws have turned into a vile, illicit trade.

But the plight of these perhaps less immediately sympathetic heroines is merely suggested in *The Afternoon Women,* which focuses on three middle-class, middlebrow stereotypes who might have stepped from the pages of any slick women's magazine, with the amusing and ironic difference that they are all most unwillingly pregnant. Mary Dee Lawn, after four children, is rediscovering herself (credit Betty Friedan!) when she learns she is to have a fifth. Dane Castleready, an intellectual on the verge of psychosis, has already experienced two harrowing abortions. Nora Fanning, a charming, widowed, Bostonian grandmother, suffers retribution for her last autumnal fling, and finds herself with Dane and Mary Dee in Dr. Daly Hill's North Carolina waiting room.

If the ladies seem familiar, Dr. Hill comes as even less of a surprise. He is the old, saintly, small-town doctor—turned abortionist. His own pregnant daughter's death at the hands of a crude butcher fills him with a guilt that impels him to help the victims of innocence or folly, more and more of whom come to him from all over the country as the news of his special skill is bruited from mouth to guilty mouth. The town knows of the doctor's activities but patiently waits for its "born healer" to come to his senses.

Suddenly, there is no longer any time. The little town is incorporated into a neighboring city, and Daly Hill is under surveillance. Should he operate anyway? Is he morally obligated to do so? And where can the operations take place?

The argument swings back and forth while the three women wait in a deserted farmhouse. In a confrontation with an intransigent Catholic lawyer whose position is that abortion is *always* illegal and immoral, Nora rises grandly, if portentously, with: "I believe in contraception and abortion as a slow development in the process of free will and the hope of making this earth a better place."

Obviously, these intelligent, attractive, mettlesome women deserve to be rescued. Dr. Hill operates.

But what, we are left to wonder, of the corruption that is usually involved in dealing with fake laws and deep-rooted hypocrisy? What of the chain of bribery and blackmail they engender? And what, finally, of the real stories of women who may not be good, may not be innocent, may not be articulate and attractive, but who also have the right not to bear an unwanted child? Their histories might, perhaps, better be written by a sociologist; for, as Mrs. Wertenbaker has demonstrated, a novel written specifically to correct a social injustice often becomes either bad fiction or ineffective protest.

Maverick on Madison Avenue

Come and See My Shining Palace, *by Nicholas Samstag (Doubleday. 280 pp. $4.95), traces the progress of its protagonist through five marriages and a swift rise in the advertising business. George Oppenheimer's autobiography, "The View from the Sixties," has just been published.*

By GEORGE OPPENHEIMER

ACCORDING to the jacket biography, Nicholas Samstag, advertising expert and author of several nonfiction books, is "a noted secularizer of sacred cows." In his first novel, *Come and See My Shining Palace,* he has milked dry the sacred cows of the advertising business and exposed its inhabitants. It is not a pretty spectacle to see these tycoons and their would-be-tycoon toadies in all their inglorious nudity; but the book has a loud, insistent ring of truth, like a siren going down Madison Avenue.

Mr. Samstag has taken as his protagonist Richard Altman, son of a German-Jewish family, whom we expect to be another hustler out of *What Makes Sammy Run?,* but who fools not only us but his associates. There is in the highly talented Richard not so much an idealism as an orneriness that will not permit him to truckle to his superiors on his swift way up. This is the quality that makes the novel different from so many others in the same genre. Our hero is no knight in shining armor, tilting at the shams and shibboleths of advertising; he is a mugwump who refuses to conform.

As we follow Richard's pilgrimage to self-knowledge we arrive at a certain respect for his consistency and integrity, but it is untinged by liking. Richard, even when he is most admirable, is not a likable man. I don't know whether Mr. Samstag meant him to be; but, since the book seems to be highly autobiographical, one suspects that he must have at least a modicum of affection for his central character.

A major part of our antipathy for Richard stems from his cavalier treatment of Sally Goldstein, a Bronx girl whom he marries and takes home to his mother (who is anti-Semitic as only certain insecure Jewish women can be),

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and finally discards. There follow four more marriages, which are disposed of by the author as summarily as by Richard. At the beginning of Book Two we are informed of these various misalliances (Wife No. 4 appears briefly but nebulously) as if we were being given a synopsis of preceding chapters.

Mr. Samstag concentrates, almost to the exclusion of his indistinguishable subsidiary characters, on Richard, and even he is not as clearly defined as one would wish. However, the author has crowded his novel with vivid incidents: the hitch-hiking trip made by Richard and Sally, the former broke, the latter supposedly pregnant, from New York to his family home in Cincinnati; Richard's struggle to adjust to the small department store owned by his penny-pinching uncles; the luncheon at a salesmen's convention that ends up in a drunken free-for-all; the portrait of a magazine empire and its emperor (Mr. Samstag for many years directed the advertising of *Time* magazine).

Mr. Samstag writes well, although he has a tendency to slip into advertising jargon so that at times the minor characters sound more like products than people.

In spite of these shortcomings, *Come and See My Shining Palace* is a frighteningly accurate picture of a business and its power feuds and politics, and an uncompromising rags-to-riches story that would have shocked the pants off Horatio Alger.

Vietnam: No Place for People

***A Tract of Time**, by Smith Hempstone (Houghton Mifflin. 271 pp. $4.95), seeks to dramatize in fictional form the many facets of the war in Vietnam. Dennis Powers is a California newspaperman and a frequent reviewer of current fiction.*

By DENNIS POWERS

SMITH HEMPSTONE, a correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News*, is one of several writers to use the novel for a forum on Vietnam. In his introduction the author states that "the book is not so much about Vietnam as about trust and betrayal, love and death, desire and emptiness, within the framework of war." The unfortunate truth of the matter is that *A Tract of Time* is an earnest, didactic work which ends up as a sort of current-affairs report wrapped in a threadbare fictional cloak.

Hempstone's central character is Harry Coltart, an American Marine working as a government agent among the tribesmen of the Central Vietnamese highlands. The year is 1963, a few months before the fall of the Diem régime, and Harry's task—an impossible one, as it turns out—is to build up a pro-Diem movement among the hill peoples, whose cooperation is essential since the Vietcong is using the highlands as a shipping route for men and arms from the north into the Mekong delta. At a council of chiefs, Harry talks the tribal leaders into an agreement under which they will support Diem and the Americans and actively oppose the Vietcong. The price of the agreement is a promise from Diem of autonomy for the highland peoples.

Inevitably, Harry is betrayed. Shortly before the overthrow of Diem, Harry and the chiefs learn that neither the Americans nor Diem had the slightest intention of keeping their word to the tribesmen. Enraged at what they interpret as Harry's treachery, the highlanders quickly defect to the Vietcong. "What's moral about this war? Nothing," declares Harry's pragmatic boss. "It's just one we've got to fight because the world is what it is. People get hurt in the process."

Harry, who admits to a "crazy need to play Lawrence to a bunch of reluctant Southeast Asian 'Arabs,'" is hardly more than an object maneuvered through a series of situations designed to provide "insight" into the war and its implications. What is painfully clear is that the situations are the only reason he exists at all. The other characters, a thin mixture of fictional and "real" figures, are crude attempts to give imaginative life to various political or philosophical points of view.

Like Morris L. West in *The Ambassador*, Hempstone wants to dramatize as many facets of the war as possible. If he can find no place for them in the narrative, he simply has his characters sit down and discuss the war whenever he feels specific points should be made. Truths are thus more often baldly stated than honestly demonstrated. The writing itself is clumsy; much of it reads like narration for a television news documentary.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 9. magnesium. 5. sanitary. 4. anneal. 13. decorate. 14. patella. 2. consternation. 10. coeval. 6. salivary. 8. invalidate. 1. elucidate. 15. nominate. 7. abnormal. 12. hosanna. 11. marital. 3. inviolate.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

CRIMINAL CONVERSATION. By Nicolas Freeling. Harper & Row. $4.50.

THE MONKEY AND THE TIGER. By Robert van Gulik. Scribners. $3.50.

THE PAPER DOLLS. By L. P. Davies. Doubleday. $3.95.

WYATT'S HURRICANE. By Desmond Bagley. Doubleday. $4.95.

Current Affairs

BACKGROUND TO BETRAYAL: The Tragedy of Vietnam. By Hilaire du Berrier. Western Islands. $5.

THE CHALLENGE OF HUNGER: A Program for More Effective Foreign Aid. By I. W. Moomaw. Praeger. $5.95.

THE POLITICAL THICKET: Reapportionment and Constitutional Democracy. By Royce Hanson. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

SOUTHEAST ASIA'S SECOND FRONT: The Power Struggle in the Malay Archipelago. By Arnold C. Brackman. Praeger. $6.95.

Fiction

ACCIDENT. By Nicholas Mosley. Coward-McCann. $4.

COURT OF HONOR. By Geoff Taylor. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

FRIENDS IN LOW PLACES. By Simon Raven. Putnam. $4.95.

THE HERETIC. By Alison Macleod. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

HOW AMELIA SECURED THE TIE THAT BINDS WITH A VERY LOOSE KNOT. By Lorna Novak. Doubleday. $4.50.

LABAN'S WILL. By Albert Lebowitz. Random House. $4.95.

THE LANDLORD. By Kristin Hunter. Scribners. $5.95.

THE LEADER. By Gillian Freeman. Lippincott. $4.95.

THE NAKED RUNNER. By Francis Clifford. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

NO GRAVEN IMAGE. By Elisabeth Elliot. Harper & Row. $3.95.

PICTURE OF SUCCESS. By Florence Jane Soman. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.95.

PRUDENCE AND THE PILL. By Hugh Mills. Lippincott. $2.95.

THE ROAD TO SPAIN. By Ira Morris. Monthly Review Press. $4.95.

THAT SUMMER. By Allen Drury. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

THIS ANIMAL IS MISCHIEVOUS. By David Benedictus. New American Library. $4.95.

VIVA MAX! By James Lehrer. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $4.95.

WYKE REGIS. By John Leonard. Delacorte. $4.95.

History

THE CONQUEST OF ENGLAND. By Eric Linklater. Doubleday. $5.95.

THE FATAL IMPACT: An Account of the Invasion of the South Pacific, 1767-1840. By Alan Moorehead. Harper & Row. $5.95.

Literary Criticism, History

THE AGE OF WIT: 1650-1750. By D. Judson Milburn. Macmillan. $6.95.

(*Continued on page* 61)

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The Lessons of Yalta

Beginnings of the Cold War, *by Martin F. Herz (Indiana University Press. 214 pp. $4.95), focuses on the negotiations and ambiguities that resulted in the Soviet Union's domination of postwar Poland. Frank Altschul is the chairman of the Committee on International Policy of the National Planning Association.*

By FRANK ALTSCHUL

IT IS fortunate that Martin Herz, a Foreign Service officer at present stationed in Teheran, was temporarily assigned by the Department of State to their Senior Seminar in Foreign Policy. This gave him "time for reading, study, and reflection." That he took full advantage of the opportunity thus afforded him is amply evidenced in the slender but highly informative volume entitled *Beginnings of the Cold War.*

As the author states in an introductory chapter, it was not his purpose to "lay bare the ideological roots" of the struggle between the Soviet Union and the West but rather "to summarize and highlight a few chapters of recent world history which encompass the major *beginnings* of the Cold War." To reach this more limited objective Mr. Herz focuses his attention primarily on the sequence of negotiations and ambiguities that resulted in a Soviet-dominated postwar Poland. Those ambiguities, leading gradually to what seems to us to have been the deliberate distortion by Stalin of the clear meanings of words, are graphically revealed in an abridged account of the Stalin-Harry Hopkins conversations held in Moscow six weeks after Roosevelt's death.

The bulk of the narrative, while incidentally describing the manner in which the terms of the Yalta agreement as we understood them were violated in the case of Rumania and Bulgaria, is principally devoted to a résumé of the way in which the frontiers of postwar Poland were determined in utter disregard of our repeated assertion of the provisional nature of its Western frontier. And the grim tale unfolds of how, in spite of the most vigorous protests by the British and ourselves and contrary to the spirit of solemn agreements, there was imposed on predominantly Catholic Poland a Communist government answerable to Moscow rather than to the will of the people whom it was presumed to represent.

No less interesting than the text itself are the notes appended to each chapter. They throw a revealing light on the scholarly research that paved the way for such an eloquent exposition of a tragic story. Text and footnotes at times convey the impression that in the course of negotiations we ourselves were occasionally lacking in precision. But we at least, unlike the Russians, were honestly seeking to carry out our agreements previously reached. The danger implicit in an impasse was dramatically pictured by Winston Churchill in a message to Stalin:

> There is not much comfort in looking into a future where you and the countries you dominate, plus the Communist parties in many other States, are all drawn up on one side, and those who rally to the English-speaking nations and their Associates or Dominions are on the other. It is quite obvious that their quarrel would tear the world to pieces and that all of us leading men on either side who had anything to do with that would be shamed before history.

Yet Stalin was unmoved. One footnote suggests the rationale behind his conduct. "Having excluded Russia from any but nominal participation in Italian affairs, the Western Powers prepared the way for their own exclusion from any but a marginal share in the affairs of Eastern Europe. No other arrangement, of course, conformed to the real distribution of military power and responsibility, or could have been compatible with the mutual distrust which lay close to the surface of Anglo-Russian and, less obviously, in the background of Russo-American relations."

There is a striking timeliness about this book. It can hardly fail to serve as a warning to those who speculate about the manner and the extent of the participation ultimately to be accorded the representatives of the Vietcong in the formation of some future government of South Vietnam. For it sets forth in considerable detail the persistent maneuvers by which the Communists succeed in transforming what was presumed to have been a free and independent government into a creature of their own. In the case of Poland, for example, "the two Western leaders [Roosevelt and Churchill] have said that the Warsaw Government would unquestionably play a 'prominent' part in the 'new' provisional government, but they could not admit that it should dominate that government."

What actually happened is now a matter of history. Acutely raised is the time-honored question of the tent and the camel's nose.

Toward a United Europe

The Grand Design, *by Franz Josef Strauss, translated from the German by Brian Connell (Praeger. 105 pp. $3.95), proposes that the latent danger of a final settlement of Germany's frontiers be absorbed in a long-term plan to set up a United States of Europe. Louis L. Snyder, professor of history at The City University of New York, wrote "German Nationalism: The Tragedy of a People."*

By LOUIS L. SNYDER

FRANZ JOSEF STRAUSS, born in 1915, received his doctorate in history and classical languages at the University of Munich. After military service during World War II, he began his political career in the Christian Social Union, the Bavarian wing of the Christian Democratic Party, and became a member of the German Bundestag in 1949. In 1953 he became Minister for Special Tasks, in 1955 Minister for Atomic Questions, and from 1956-1962 was West Germany's Defense Minister. In this capacity, which he regarded as a kind of "*kamikaze* or *harakiri* business," equivalent to political suicide, he made many enemies. But when he relinquished the post the Bundeswehr had 403,000 men, ten complete divisions, an efficient air force, and a budding navy. He was forced to resign under fire of press criticism after his spectacular intervention in *Der Spiegel* case.

Dr. Strauss sees the epoch of national pride and sovereignty as ended. The state of political thought and action has reached such a point of stagnation that only some fresh initiative can free us all from the toils of the status quo. Europe is divided, NATO is in disarray, and the problem of German reunification is no nearer solution.

How can this malaise of the free West-

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ern world be resolved? Dr. Strauss s answer is a massive drive, step by step, to European political federation. A United States of Europe with its own nuclear deterrent under supranational control would form the second essential pillar of a Western defense community in alliance with the United States. This "Grand Design" would mean a "Europeanization of the German question."

The main thesis is not altogether new. The concept of European union is older than that of the United States of America. Pierre Dubois (1250-1312) suggested a union of European Christian states. There followed a variety of schemes, from the Grand Design of the Duc de Sully (1559-1641) to the similar ideas of William Penn, Immanuel Kant, Saint-Simon, and Edmund Burke. In a speech at Zurich in 1946 Winston Churchill urged the unity of "this noble continent."

What is new in Dr. Strauss's project is his emphasis on the role Germany is to play in the United States of Europe. In presenting his case the author uses the tactics of the skilled debater or the learned advocate. He presents such arguments as these:

1. His plan would relieve the United States of having to carry, like Atlas, the burden of the world on its shoulders.

2. He would be perfectly prepared to agree that the Prime Minister, the Foreign Minister, and the Defense Minister of a European Government should not during the initial period be German.

3. He urges that Franco-German problems be removed from the scene of historical conflict.

4. He points out that the mere fact that Moscow is straining every nerve to prevent his scheme is valuable proof that the West should do everything to bring it about.

There are proper denunciations of the monomaniac of Berchtesgaden. Dr. Strauss deplores "the Nazi taint." "I am not attempting to justify Hitler's policies —which I regard as false, criminal, and lunatic, but. . . ." "I have always considered that the advent of Hitler to power must inevitably lead to war."

In discussing the origins of World War II, Dr. Strauss says that he has no intention of rewriting history or in any way reducing the guilt of Germany's political leadership, *but* (there is a large supply of "buts" in this small book) "we cannot leave out of account the extraordinary complaisance of Germany's Western neighbors in the events which led up to its outbreak." He finds it inexplicable that Britain and France should have accepted without immediate countermeasures the reintroduction by Hitler of conscription.

The reader may well find something else quite inexplicable—why the Germans did not get rid of Hitler themselves. Dr. Strauss seems annoyed by this: "It is no more intelligent and pertinent a question than asking why the Russians, or the Poles, or the Czechs, or the Hungarians do not free themselves from Communism."

There may be an explanation in the course of German history. From the French Revolution and the Congress of Vienna in 1815, through the Revolutions of 1830 and 1848, to the Weimar Republic and the Nazi régime, many great decisions that eventually molded Germany came from the outside. A politically indifferent people seemed unable and unwilling to think and act for itself.

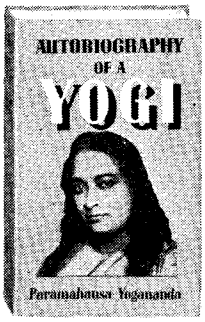
Dr. Strauss seeks to keep his argument on a rational plane, but at two points he forgets himself long enough to indulge in what sounds like the luxury of threats. In the midst of his presentation he suddenly becomes impatient: "I am not prepared to go on listening to the same weary slogans for the next ten, twenty, or thirty years until I am eighty."

At another point he thrusts forward the familiar bogeyman of another Rapallo—a turn to the East. If Western policy still consists of "nothing but routine declarations," then the Russians might open their arms and offer "some arrangement." This is a thoroughly familiar chestnut, which some hard-bitten critics might well regard as covered with a thin coating of political blackmail.

Boiled down to its essentials, Dr. Strauss's "Grand Design" amounts to an attempt by a loyal son of Germany to recover his country's prestige in the family of nations. One cannot hold that against him, but one can be skeptical. It has happened before. We need only recall Gustav Stresemann, Chancellor of the Weimar Republic in 1923 and Foreign Minister in various cabinets until his death in 1929. Stresemann called for reconciliation with France after World War I and built up a reputation for sweetness and light at Locarno in 1925; he shared the Nobel Peace Prize with Briand in 1926. Only after his death did it become obvious from his papers that he was more of a nationalist than was once thought, and that he was well aware of Germany's efforts to evade the military restrictions of Versailles.

For all his brilliance as an advocate, Dr. Strauss is dead wrong when he intimates that those who oppose a new Germany, powerful in the councils of Europe, have fallen victim to Soviet propaganda. There are many level-headed people who may have some justification in believing that Germany, in view of her twentieth-century record, is not yet ready to share nuclear responsibilities. It may be pro-Pavlovian, but not necessarily pro-Communist, to be unwilling to sit on a hot stove for a third time.

ATTAINING PEACE OF MIND



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Where Sociology Meets Journalism

ARTHUR BARRON, who produced *Sixteen in Webster Groves*, the recent CBS television documentary about teen-agers in the upper middle-class suburb of St. Louis, and Clarissa Start, who lives in Webster Groves and writes for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, are both agreed that the town reacted to the program with considerable hostility. Mr. Barron asserts that "the kids and opinion leaders feel the program accurately reflected the town," but he concedes that "the average residents and the Board of Education are mad at me—they think the image that we presented was unfair." Miss Start says flatly that "nobody in town has a good word to say for the show," and charges it with "slanting, distortion, and hoked-up phoniness." The heart of the controversy is the question of balance in the images that CBS presented of Webster Groves's parents and sixteen-year-olds. The major impression was of youngsters very much money-minded and grade-oriented, very much local, unaware of social problems, controlled, conformist, knowing their position in the pecking order and smugly content within it. Typical parents of typical children were also shown, and they came out very unsympathetically – authoritarian snobs, very clearly limited in their horizons.

"We have our pockets of poverty and prejudice," Clarissa Start maintains, "and CBS could have done an excellent critique that would have acted as a catalyzer for change; but the town feels it was misled and misrepresented. We didn't recognize ourselves." The producer said, "It was not my purpose to balance keenly the full range of the town. The program accurately and totally represented the major value structure of Webster Groves." For support, CBS points to a $12,500 survey of sixteen-year-olds in Webster Groves, undertaken for the network by National Opinion Research Center of Chicago. The survey's general findings coincided with what the cameras illustrated; but Richard Jaffee, assistant director of NORC, added: "There was an awful lot of Fellini in the show, which was artistic rather than sociological." When a community sits for its portrait by a television documentary unit, is a post-mortem controversy unavoidable?

The producer says he wouldn't change a line or a shot of the show if he had to do it over again; in fact, CBS is considering a follow-up in which it will show scenes of townspeople watching the show as it was aired, as well as interviews reporting their reactions—not as an answer to criticism but as an experiment in a "feedback dialogue between a community and a network."

Analysis of the program, however, suggests to this viewer that a provocative show could have been done without sacrificing the desirable sharp viewpoint of a discerning journalist and without incurring the wrath of the town. The problem does not lie in a fair balance of Webster Groves images; it lies in the weakness of the show's dialectic. Not only were the children largely represented as unsympathetic; the fault was clearly laid at the door of their parents. It was they who treated their teen-agers as "colonials," they who provided the adult models that the children emulated. CBS concedes that there are other kinds of parents but says they constitute a minority, and could therefore be fairly left out in the limited time available.

If such children and parents had been allowed proper weight, it would not have diluted the program's editorial point, provided that the producer had followed up the presentation of conflicting views with such questions as: If Webster Groves has both kinds of parents and children, what makes the difference? Do the concerned parents come from other places and import their deviant attitudes? If they are natives, what influences nurture their individual escapes from the town's norms? Had the program raised such questions, and pursued them to conclusions, however tentative, it might have led to some fresh insight that transcends the majority-minority conflict. Webster Groves viewers, agreeing or disagreeing, would have been given something to think seriously about—without the disturbing emotions aroused by a sense of distortion in the program. Admittedly, such dialectic is a tall order for a fifty-two-minute documentary (selected from twenty-seven hours of film shot); and perhaps a show makes a contribution by merely stirring up a controversy and prodding the town to search its conscience. CBS is to be commended for exploring the difficult area where sociology meets journalism. But if you're aspiring to sociology it had better be sophisticated. Depth sociology, dealing with complex variables, is not incompatible with a good documentary, but surface sociology and a high factor of producer selectivity is bound to result in much heat but less light.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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The Double Nilsson *Tannhäuser*—Schuller

AS ON MANY OCCASIONS in the past, there was an Elisabeth of one quality, a Venus of another in the Metropolitan's latest revival of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. The difference this time was that both were sung by the same performer, this being Birgit Nilsson, venturing her dual characterization for the first time. (There were other scheduled first performances by Thomas Stewart as Wolfram and John Macurdy as Landgrave Hermann, also one that was not: the Finnish tenor Pekka Nuotio making his debut as Tannhäuser in place of the absent Wolfgang Windgassen.)

Much about this experiment that could only be speculated about in the abstract came clear in the searching light of the theater. Perhaps the brightest revelation is that, in the interval since Nilsson last performed Elisabeth here, she has elaborated a study of this almost painfully virtuous maiden that is not only magnificently sung but acted with a composure, a dignity and, withal, a womanly appeal comparable to such great ones of the past as Lehmann's and Flagstad's. She has passed the point of merely making Elisabeth's entrance with "*Dich teure halle*" jubilant and her exit with "*Allmächt'ge Jungfrau*" exquisitely expressive: everything between is now whole and of a piece, even when she is doing no more than listening to others. Her transition from radiance to despair as the song contest of act II unfolded marked a progress in Nilsson's range of dramatic expression which promoted her to another kind of performer than she has been before.

By contrast, her Venus was but the beginning of a rounded characterization, as yet more appealing pictorially than vocally. Well as she looked as Venus—and few recent ones have dressed the part better or effected so seductive an appearance—she was clearly laboring the vocal line, which was neither beguiling nor voluptuous. Whether this related to some circumstance of the moment, or is inherent in the need it poses for maximum vocal output right from the start, is beside the main point. This relates to the order in which the roles occur, and the psychological rather than technical problems thus posed.

Elisabeth is, after all, the norm, the sustained mood for most of the evening: Venus the baleful contrast, the deviation. It would be much simpler were the basic characterization established first, the other displayed against it—as, for example, the Odette-Odille in *Swan Lake*, where the ballerina is seen as the White Swan first, the Black Swan (its distorted counterpart) after. It is quite possible that, having this experience to guide her, Nilsson can evolve a Venus as persuasive as her Elisabeth: certainly it presents no insoluble problem vocally or dramatically. The question is, rather: Is it worth the effort? Only if there is no Venus available to give this role as much as she gives to her Elisabeth.

For the others, there could be praise for Stewart's Wolfram, which progressed steadily to a finely resonant "*Abendstern*": encouragement for Macurdy's Landgrave, for which he showed excellent presence, a little weakness in the high range, and compassion for Nuotio's effort to make a voice of good quality but limited size suitable against the twin disadvantages of a big auditorium and an even bigger-sounding Elisabeth. Nuotio is a good looking man and a thoroughly musical one, but the combination of circumstances downgraded almost everything he could bring to bear on this occasion.

In totality, then, this *Tannhäuser* ranged from the memorable to the unmentionable, the latter being the ungainly clutter that was offered for the little dancing required in this (Dresden) version. The most consistent match for Nilsson's effort came from the conductor, for *Tannhäuser* is a work which Joseph Rosenstock knows thoroughly, and produces with precision. For the rest it was much a matter not only of who was singing what, but with whom.

MAX RUDOLF enlivened the last in the winter's sequence of Cincinnati Symphony concerts with Gunther Schuller's *American Triptych*, another example of what might be called his palettable art. The pun is deliberately chosen to express, verbally, what Schuller has done, musically, in translating works by Alexander Calder *(Four Directions)*, Jackson Pollock *(Out of the Web)* and Stuart Davis *(Swing Landscape)* into tonal terms. Schuller here goes beyond his previous *Seven Studies on Themes of Paul Klee* to evoke, musically, the texture of his models rather than their subject matter. This he has accomplished with considerable ingenuity and much compositional craft. One wonders at the end, however, whether Schuller hasn't sought out lofty models to intellectualize what are fundamentally rather slick and superficial exploitations of the Schoenberg-Webern idiom. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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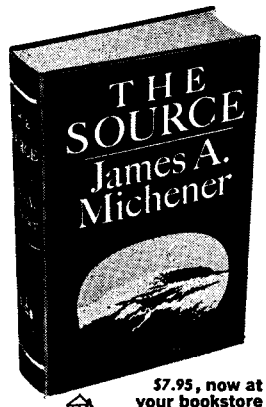

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Eastward Ho!—Part 2

THERE HAS BEEN precious little improvement in Bangkok's airport, where I fluttered to earth recently, reasonably fresh after a morning flight from Tokyo. That continuing wave of cool air and neat order that I had been enjoying in the forward cabin of JAL's jetliner were to constitute the last moments of comfort until I had snaked my way through the landing formalities and threaded my way through the sweltering city, to be deposited at last in my room at the Rama, some two hours after coming to earth. Flying the great distances across the earth isn't so trying; it's just the re-entry that bugs me.

Although I was not to realize it until later, after I had left Thailand and stopped again as a transient on the way home, there is something downright cynical about Bangkok's airport procedures. The day I landed we were herded into the terminal, forced to wait in the steamy line that would have lost a race with a ruptured snail as it inched its tiresome way through the customs formalities. When our papers had at last been thumped and stamped by a battery of government functionaries, I set about trying to find a cab. "Oh, that's too dangerous," a ground hostess said to me. I was by that time so mesmerized with the heat that I never asked whether she meant it was too expensive or that it might subject us to bodily harm. I immediately thought of those Filipino cabs that have earned themselves an international reputation for steering their passengers to some lair where accomplices could roll them undisturbed by the law. That left the bus, a giant ramshackle pile of tin that knew its salad days in the time of the Stutz and the Hupmobile. It stopped at every hotel, first-class to fleabag and even veered halfway across the city to drop one passenger at a back-alley address of a Chinese importer, so obscure, so mysterious a locale that it might have inspired Graham Greene to start a new novel.

On the way out of Bangkok, some time later, I tried very diligently to avoid a replay of that promenade. I had been thinking of opening negotiations for hiring a royal barge when the airline called and said it was sending a car. Aha. They had been tipped. Pre-warned. Given the proper word. Alas, the car turned out to be, on the steaming Sunday afternoon when I left, a cousin of the bus on which I had come. "So sorry," said the young airline manager with the brush haircut and the battleship-gray shoes left over from some shopping expedition to Frankfurt am Main, where they are doubtless the modish rage among *Herren* earmarked for future success. "There should have been a Mercedes-Benz. Lufthansa and BOAC always send cars." Back we went into the steamy airport to wait in the dim light, to sit on the worn chairs, to order a soft drink at the seamy little bar, and, out of boredom, to poke around among the poor collection of things for sale. For amusement there was nothing to do but watch the crowd, and it was pretty startling, including, as it did, an Air France pilot carrying a cage of finches and an American with Anzac hat, elephant gun, cross-bow and arrows, rucksack, typewriter and cameras with film casettes taped like grenades to the straps.

A few weeks later, returning from points farther east and putting into Bangkok for a refueling stop en route to Hong Kong, the change was incredible. It began, offensively enough at first, when a ground hostess collected all the passports of the passengers. With that for a deposit, the transients were then ushered into a handsome salon, beautifully air-conditioned and spread with the best assortment of Thai goods I had ever seen collected in one place. There were the princess rings which wise buyers travel to the outlying districts of the city to seek at the best prices; trays of sapphires, rubies, emeralds, and zircons; bolts of brilliant Thai silk; bronze tableware with handles of buffalo horn; long, curving false brass fingernails for apprentice Thai dancers; black lacquer boxes embossed with gilt owls, and turtles such as one sees in elegant import shops like Bendel's Port of Call in New York; little enamelled pins in the shape of Siamese elephants and Siamese dancers; jewelry made of tiger eyes, and on and on.

—*Riwkin, Pix.*

The Bangkok style—sizzling city.

ONCE the plane was ready to travel onward, the announcement bounced over the loudspeaker. The passports of all the passengers had been thrown helter skelter on a table and it was up to each person to forage among the flying elbows and the scattered documents to find his own. What there was to prevent someone who was, let's say, a Chinese from Indonesia, who decided he would prefer to be a look-alike Chinese-American born in San Francisco, from switching documents, I shall never know.

Those who were merely transient in Bangkok, finding this air-cooled haven with its attractive display of merchandise, might have come away with the impression that Bangkok was a tidy, air-cooled place. We who knew better were pleased to find this comfortable oasis, but outraged that it is only for those

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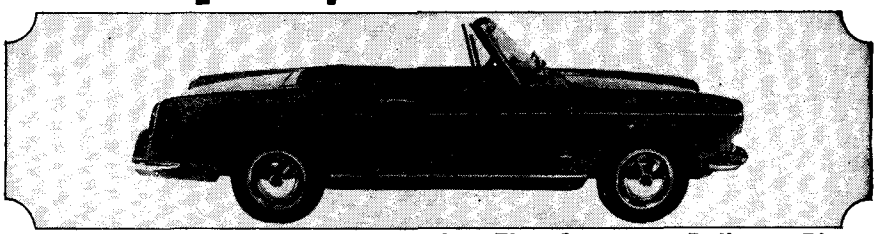

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passing through, and not for those who enter the portals to see the city that lies beyond the transient lounge.

The Rama, where I put up, had hardly changed much, except that here and there it was coming apart at the seams and, like a woman in the tropics, it had aged early. The Hilton management had hardly been in command long enough to effect a noticeable change, but there were great plans for the future—a massive addition that would dwarf the present building the way the new parts of the Imperial in Tokyo had overshadowed Frank Lloyd Wright's earthquake-proof building of the Twenties. The Rama was apparently well aware that not only was Bangkok's tourist business exploding, but it would soon have competition for it. Intercontinental will open a hotel before long.

I looked up my old friend, Bill Klausner of the Asia Foundation, and we buzzed off to Baan Thai for dinner, one of a string of handsome new Thai-style restaurants that have recently appeared. It occupies a whole house built in Thai design at the edge of a lagoon. Its terraces overlook a lotus garden and at night the lights from the flickering coconut-oil lamps reflect romantically in the waters. The décor is lush and splendid, with a Thai girl softly strumming the *takae*, a Siamese lute, and the maître d'hôtel looking very much like a court chamberlain from *The King and I*, bowing and padding over carpets in his white stocking feet to usher guests to their floorside reclining cushions arranged at the edge of the low tables. Baan Thai is open for lunch and will serve Thai food or a Western menu of soup, grilled prawns, chicken or mixed grill, and dessert of tropical fruit. It comes into its traditional own during the evening hours. Eating in the Thai fashion modified for visitors' tastes, one is surrounded by a variety of dishes—cauliflower and shrimp, Thai salad, soup with cucumbers, stuffed meatballs shaped like flowers, a curried beef with olives and huge red peppers, and then *mikrawb*, which looks like shredded wheat but is really fried noodles, Chinese parsley, shaved onions, and bean sprouts. With all this come pots of rice and finally an array of fruits—watermelon balls, peeled logs of sugar cane, a sweet made of the ash of burned coconut shells dusted with coconut meat, all sitting atop a leaf whittled from the rind of a pomelo.

The dinner was no less decorative than the four *patrons* who run the restaurant, all of them young Thai matrons who bring to their endeavor grace, charm, and chic. They have added delicate touches borrowed from their patrician upbringing—gold bags of dried jasmine are given to lady guests, just as brides get them on their wedding day; tables are set with napkins folded like fans held

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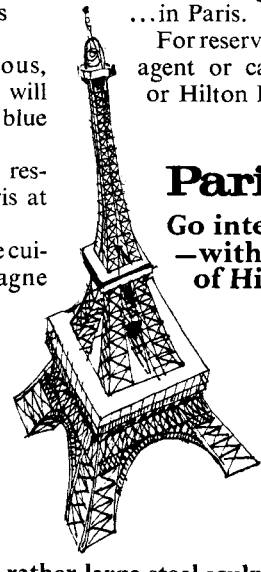

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by gold napkin rings; exquisite dancers entertain after dinner, performing the old postures with lighted candles affixed to their fingers.

After that scented breath of old Siam, we walked down a crooked alley back to the avenue to seek a cab. "And now I wish to show you the new Thailand," Klausner said, and pointed to a saloon across the road. "Pussycat Bar," said the sign in flashing neon.

Obtaining a cab is a high art in Bangkok. Klausner's advice is 1) never to take a taxi in front of a hotel; 2) always strike a bargain first. He advises cab-takers to send one's wife ahead to strike the bargain, but this is a special case with him since his wife is Thai. All taxis must have meters, not so much to establish a fair price, but because one of the ministers, long since retired, had the meter concession. The meters are never used. All cab drivers are supposed to wear hats, which is why they always put on their hats when sighting a policeman. After the policeman passes, the cab driver takes off his hat.

The taxi obtained by Mrs. Klausner, who had long since ambled down the road to make the proper bargain before the cabbie spied the Westerners, was a rolling wreck held together by baling wire. It jounced and rattled, coughed and reared, but there was no end to the driver's merriment, or to ours. Said he, as Klausner translated; "This car is not for the new generation. It is for the old generation. It may be too slow for the young people, but older people know it will get you there." Then he waxed philosophical and said one could travel very far without finding anyone with more heart or love of fun than a Thai. And it seemed true. When we arrived back at the hotel, cramped and shaken, but surprisingly enough in one piece, he turned to us and said, "You know the saying about putting a tiger in your tank?" We assured him we were well acquainted with it. "Well, in my tank," he said, "I have a turtle." Then he roared with laughter that almost drowned out the croup of his motor as he drove away.

The Talad Nat market, the flea market of Bangkok, was open the next day and, after going through a similar bit of negotiation once more, we came to terms with a taxi and went down to see how it compared with the Marché aux Puces. The local version proved to be a giant open-air dime store filled with cheap plastic things from Japan. But there were also papier-mâché masks that looked like fierce tigers, papier-mâché fish strung into mobiles, bits of peeled sugarcane on ice, green apples shaped like eggs, dried tamarind that looked like beans, shrimp paste in pots, pineapples on the stem, lobsters as blue as Delft, and basins of squiggling catfish. Out on the lawn behind the stalls, a thousand kites flew—kites that looked like dragons, like tigers, and others like snakes. All of them were tied on small lengths of string and stuck on sticks in the ground. When the wind caught them they made brilliant fluttery patterns, yellow, black, and purple, dancing against the blue sky. The going price: about a nickel a kit.

The sun had come on strong now and, trapping a cab, we made for the Oriental Hotel, where Sunday lunch is a festival of curries. Of all Bangkok's hotels, the Oriental is the only one with that certain colonial air—the deep chairs on the lawn, the ferrymen in their high-crowned straw hats rowing the River Chao Phraya, a round-the-world yacht tied up at the edge of the hotel's lawn, the Western ladies flitting in and out of the pool in bikinis. We sat in deep chairs in the shady corners of the lawn and had tall beers and then sampled the curries done in the explosive style of Madras, in the fashion of the Malays, and the Thais.

The streets were hot and quiet when we left, and there was just the proper time left for a cool nap at the Rama before starting all over again for the airport to catch the plane that would take us over Burma and the Bay of Bengal—we were eating pig's knuckles and sauerkraut five miles in the sky at the time—and land us by bedtime in India.

—Horace Sutton.

(This is the second of a series of articles on the Far East.)

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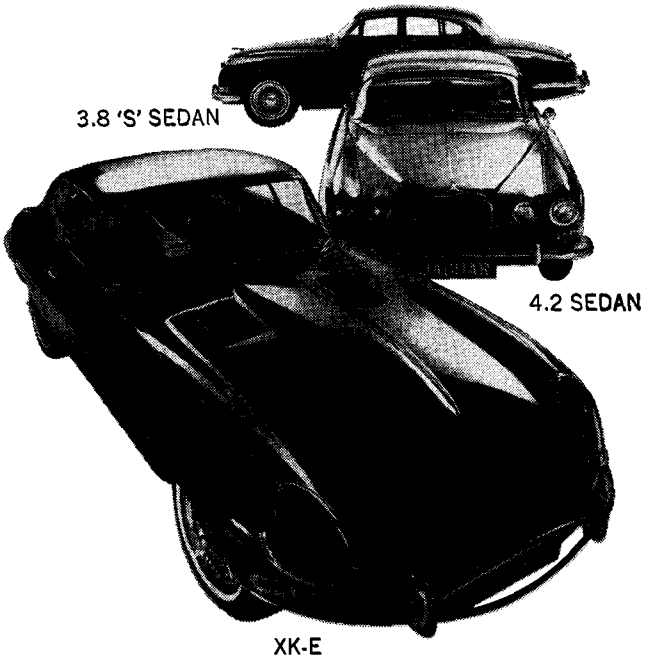

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RESEARCH IN AMERICA

SHEPHERDING THE WIND

AMONG the men who walked in the early morning of Christianity, Apollonius of Tyana spoke words that are still aglitter with magic. St. Augustine accused him of sorcery. But Apollonius's biographer, Philostratus of Lemnos, said that was nonsense. According to Philostratus, Apollonius was simply a philosopher who, in search of wisdom, spent as much time as he could with the Magi of Persia and the Brahmins of India. The Magi are familiar to millions in the modern West through the biblical account of the birth of Jesus. The Brahmins remain wrapped in the obfuscations of the East. The literal meaning of their name in old Vedic texts suggests that in Apollonius's time at least they were the caste possessive of charms, rites, formularies, and prayers. Apollonius said they knew when he was coming to see them long before he arrived. Whenever they wished to do so, they could render themselves invisible to him in a castle where they lived concealed by clouds. Within those clouds a purifying fire guarded the jars in which the winds and the rain were kept.

Since the days of Apollonius, magic-minded philosophers have given way to scientific explorers. The fire in the clouds has been identified. However, man's wonderment concerning it, instead of being quenched, has reached out to examine whether the energy hidden in it is sparked by water droplets in the clouds or whether this electric force causes the rain to gush.

The jars in which the winds are kept are known today to be cylindrical, in precise accord with the word Apollonius chose to designate their shape. There has even been a poetic confirmation of the site where the jars were located. For the monsoons that cross the Indian Ocean are the first atmospheric storms to give up the secret of interchange between the light of the sun on the sea and the air of earth that swings the winds of the Orient in over the land in one season and out over the water in another.

The workings of the monsoon cycle were uncovered by the International Indian Ocean Expedition of 1960-64, and recently described in *Oceanus*, journal of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution on Cape Cod. A. F. Bunker, Woods Hole associate scientist, is paraphrased in the summary below, which begins when the orbiting earth turns the northern hemisphere toward the sun in the Appalachian spring:

> At that time, the air over Asia is cold. The air pressure is high, and the wind blows dry in all directions, moving off the Indian land mass southwestward across the Arabian Sea and the Indian Ocean.
>
> As the sun warms the land and the land in turn warms the air above it, the air becomes lighter, the air pressure drops, and a low pressure vortex forms over Asia. The sea air is now pulled landward.
>
> The hot, moist air from the sea dominates the land until the earth in its revolution around the sun tilts the northern hemisphere away from the sun, allowing the Asian continental mass to cool again. Again the land cools the air above it, restoring the high pressure center that produces the dry northeastern monsoon of autumn.

The resemblance between the monsoon convection cells in earth's atmosphere and the wind-jars known to Apollonius can be seen on the next page.

Why this long excursion backward into time at the beginning of spring of the year 1966? Because it is a fit prelude to a long look forward into the not yet scrutable future.

The Brahmins of modern American science (they are housed in the National Academy of Sciences, which sometimes seems lost in the clouds) are eyeing the wind- and rain-jars with a sense of utility that would flabbergast the Indian raindancers. Without knowing why it rains, or even in which direction the cloud-fire flows, the Academicians have issued a formal edict declaring the practicality of weather manipulation in such categorical terms that experiments in this new realm of applied science are now nicknamed "weather mod" (the second quoted word being shorthand for "modification") to distinguish them from more fundamental excursions into atmospheric physics and chemistry.

Like everything else in science, "weather mod" can be either benevolent or malevolent depending on how well the people understand it and how vigorous a watch they are willing to keep over it.

Noah was glad to build his ark and herd the animals into it because he got

The Cover: *Rainy Season in the Tropics* was painted by Frederic Church exactly 100 years ago. Part of a retrospective exhibition tracing the development of this realistic American landscape artist, the canvas is currently on view at the Albany Institute of History and Art. Church, an inveterate and adventuresome traveler, is believed to have combined memories of two countries in this composition. David Huntington in his comprehensive recent book, *The Landscapes of Frederic Edwin Church*, describes the scene as "depicting the earth regenerated. . . . In this Jamaican-Andean Shangri-la, the peon and the village by the lake exist forever in a nether world of terrestrial beauty. *Rainy Season in the Tropics* is the *ne plus ultra* of hope."

—KATHARINE KUH.

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his flood warning from a high authority. If the ark had leaked and he had drowned, Mrs. Noah would have taken another husband, happy in the faith that she moved in response to a stronger will than either Noah's or her own. But the promise of the rainbow (see *SR*'s cover) would never have attained the lofty place it occupies in the story of man if the flood rains had been loosed from the clouds by one of Noah's neighbors who just wanted water for a parched corn patch.

The evil potential in today's "weather mod" movement rests in the corn-patch philosophy too many people apply to it. For them, "rain-making" is the governing phrase. The phrase is misleading insofar as it is taken to mean the original creation of rain, which is not yet possible. What has been accomplished repeatedly, under conditions narrowly circumscribed by nature, is augmentation of rain that was about to fall.

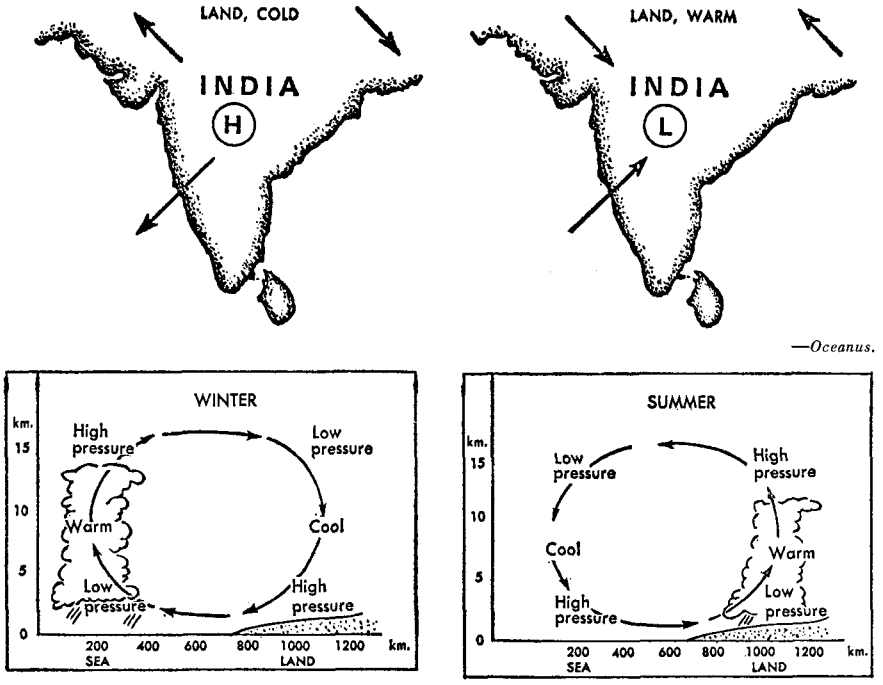
It is the empirical success of the augmentation technologists (popularly: "the rain-makers," some of them motivated by private profit) that the Academy recently confirmed for the first time. The emphasis is on the technology—the doing of it—rather than on scientific explication of the natural laws involved in the process. For understanding of those laws is, paradoxically, more confused at this particular moment in time than ever before.

Why, then, should there be an Academy report on the subject at this juncture? Couldn't the Brahmins have waited until they were sure of the fundamentals of what they were talking about?

THERE are two major reasons, both rooted in the necessity that scientists are people, with human blind spots and prejudices and weaknesses mixed in with their strengths, foresight, and wisdom.

Only the most imaginative scientific minds have enough living room to accommodate the accidental stumblings of the amateur. Vincent J. Schaefer was unpretentiously amateur, trained as a forester, with no academic degree. He was working on wartime gas masks for General Electric in Schenectady in 1946 when, in preparation for diffusion of some gas, he threw a handful of dry ice into a refrigerator that had momentarily stopped refrigerating. The air within the box immediately twinkled with a cloud of ice crystals.

Schaefer knew that ice crystals were theoretically supposed to be the nucleating particles on which droplets formed in rain clouds. Had he discovered how to make a shower? Schaefer took his hunch to his GE lab superior, the late Nobel laureate Irving Langmuir, who encouraged Schaefer to test it by dropping dry ice pellets from an airplane onto the top of a storm cloud in mountainous terrain.



—*Oceanus.*

—*Oceanus after World Meteorological Organization report No. 166.*

The cylindrical shape of the jars in which the wind and the rains are kept over the Indian Ocean is seen in the two sketches immediately above. Text on previous page explains workings of the monsoon system, which moves air mass off Asian continent in winter, brings rain-laden winds inland in summer. Arrows in sketches at top mark wind direction.

A flurry of snow fell from the cloud in the wake of the powdered ice.

But Schaefer remained an amateur to almost all scientists except Langmuir for many years (he subsequently received an honorary doctorate), and most of those who used his dry ice technique for rain-making were dismissed as money-grubbing charlatans. Bernard Vonnegut, another GE labman who had a doctorate in physics, searched the table of chemical elements and discovered that silver iodide crystals were closer in their construction pattern to ice crystals than were any other crystals. He put cloud "seeding" on a scientific footing by blowing silver iodide smoke into clouds and causing rain to fall. But wild claims advanced for the efficacy of his method again brought charges of quackery from precise researchers.

From the scientific point of view, the dubious reputation of the "rain-makers" was understandable. Their results were generally guarded as trade secrets, hence rarely got into the scientific literature. The few reports that did appear in reputable journals were unable to document the implication that rain produced by cloud "seeding" was more copious than would have been dropped by the same clouds without human intervention.

In the arid western United States, however, water is chronically in such short supply that few ranchers and farmers bother to apply scientific criteria to any promise of more rain. Millions of dollars were spent in cloud-"seeding" operations. Senators and Congressmen from the seventeen states west of the Mississippi clamored for rain-making as a national policy. And a special act of Congress in 1953 established The Advisory Committee on Weather Control and directed the committee to make "a complete study and evaluation of public and private experiments in weather control for the purpose of determining the extent to which the United States should experiment with, engage in, or regulate activities designed to control weather conditions."

More than four years later, TACWC reported to President Dwight D. Eisenhower—on the last day of 1957. Statistical studies, it said, "indicated that the seeding of winter-type storm clouds in mountainous areas in western United States produced an average increase in precipitation of 10 to 15 per cent . . . with heavy odds that this increase was not the result of natural variations in the amount of rainfall. In nonmountainous areas, the same statistical procedures did not detect any increase in precipitation that could be attributed to cloud 'seeding.' This does not mean that effects may not have been produced. The greater variability of rainfall patterns in nonmountainous areas made the techniques less sensitive for picking up small changes which might have occurred there than when applied to the mountainous regions. No evidence was found in the evaluation of any project . . . intended to increase precipitation that

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cloud 'seeding' had produced a detectable negative effect on precipitation."

The report ended with a recommendation that the National Science Foundation be directed to "initiate, coordinate, and support . . . a program . . . to provide the basic scientific knowledge that is essential to a technology of weather control."

Congress accepted the suggestion and assigned the "weather mod" problem to NSF.

Now any research scheme that takes in all the unknowns of the whole atmosphere of earth can succeed only in proportion to the number of competent minds focussed on the problems. The proportion was automatically set low on "weather mod" because of a cloud of doubt that spread over the scientific community even before TACWC's report reached print. The doubt was cast by a criticism of TACWC's analytical techniques by two of the best-reputed statisticians in the country. Because the results of cloud-"seeding" projects had not been calculated from random samples, these statisticians said, it was possible for the data to reflect whatever impression the "rain-makers" wished to project. As a result, "weather mod" could command as much political and financial support within the government as NSF wished to call for, but atmospheric scientists generally refused to take it seriously.

Considering this handicap, NSF hobbled along on its assigned task with remarkable agility, giving just enough money to the "rain-making" projects to avoid any justifiable complaints from their enthusiasts while spending as liberally on fundamental cloud physics experiments as the supply of competent scientists would allow. And this policy of neglecting no one and vigorously pushing no one continued until the late John F. Kennedy became President of the United States.

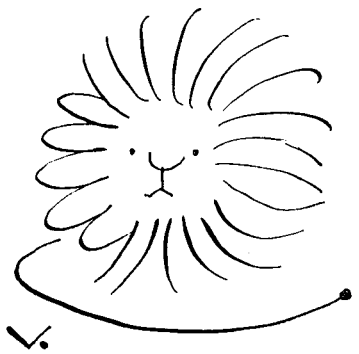
Mr. Kennedy chose as his personal science adviser Professor Jerome B. Wiesner, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who strongly believed (see *SR*, Dec. 10, 1960) that science could and should be used as a weapon to wage peace. During his earliest days at the White House, Professor Wiesner met informally with MIT Professor Bruno Rossi and atmospheric-science-statesman Thomas Malone, of the Traveler's Insurance Company at Hartford.

Malone pointed out that no other natural phenomenon held more common interest among all earth's peoples than the weather. He noted that Jule Charney, a protégé of the late great John von Neumann, had worked out the basic mathematical equations that govern behavior of the atmosphere *in toto*. With these equations in hand, Malone explained, it was possible to put today's global weather data into a computer, roll the figures toward the future, and come out with a good picture of what the global weather would be several weeks hence. True, it took eighteen hours to spin off a twenty-four hour forecast; the six hours that were left didn't provide enough warning time; but that simply meant that computers capable of doing a sufficiently fast job would have to work a hundred times as fast as existing computers, which was easily within theoretical reach. The real problem was to gather enough information to be sure *what is the total weather picture today.*

Eighty per cent of the earth's surface is not now adequately reported from, in terms of weather data. Most of that missing area lies at sea. Malone proposed that weather satellites could be designed to query automatic buoys stationed on the water as well as automatic balloons floating at different levels of the atmosphere. The satellites could also measure heat exchange through the air mass by means of infrared readings, and at the same time judge atmospheric density by taking sightings of stars just off the distant horizon.

Would computers be capable of drawing together and integrating into one set of equations the millions of bits of knowledge collected and relayed earthward by the satellite on its once-around-the-planet-in-ninety-minutes routine? Of course they would, Malone declared. Having accepted that assumption, his mind jumped ahead to an inevitable dilemma. If man, knowing as little as he knows now about the atmosphere, can augment rainfall under even very limited circumstances, the enormous flow of data generated by satellite would surely suggest hundreds if not thousands of strategic points at which subtle application of energy (available in progressively larger amounts with passage of time) might modify the weather.

To use science as a weapon of peace, then, Malone argued, a prudent course would dictate immediate establishment of an international institution with authority to regulate modification of the atmosphere as the potential for modification developed. In this way, the frightening aspects of weather manipulation could be intelligently managed beforehand instead of permitting a crisis of dread to appear with paralyzing suddenness as it did with the dropping of the first nuclear bomb on Hiroshima.



So infinitely self-effacing is Tom Malone that few people have ever heard of the episode recited above. Not only did it happen as described, but President Kennedy recognized the significance of Malone's proposal. Soon thereafter encouragement came from the White House to Hartford: It would be acceptable for Malone to enunciate his proposition publicly at a September 1961 cloud physics conference in Australia, sponsored by the International Association of Meteorology and Applied Physics of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics. Enthusiastic reception of the proposal at Canberra was followed by a formal invitation from President Kennedy to the United Nations to cooperate "in weather prediction and eventually in weather control."

THE new circumstances demanded a new study of the status of "weather mod" in the United States. Malone, as chairman of the atmospheric sciences committee of the National Academy of Sciences, appointed a special panel on weather and climate modification headed by the brilliant young University of California (Los Angeles) geophysicist Gordon J. F. MacDonald. The panel was appointed in November 1963 and issued a preliminary report in October 1964. The panelists concluded:

"We believe that the patient investigation of atmospheric processes coupled with an exploration of the technological applications will eventually lead to useful weather modification, but we must emphasize that the time-scale required for success may be measured in decades."

No justification was found for initiating large-scale weather modification on an operational basis. "Almost without exception," cloud "seeding" had failed to produce "a statistical significant positive effect upon rainfall." "The theories and predictions of astrology could be substantiated as convincingly as the arguments of the commercial 'rain-makers.'"

One commercial "rain-maker" who claimed to have augmented rainfall more than 20 per cent was named in the report. He was W. E. Howell, who had got his cloud physics training at MIT. Outraged by the equating of his work with astrology, he wrote a letter to panel chairman MacDonald requesting a retraction. MacDonald, one of the busiest scientists on the planet, was too enmeshed in a hectic schedule to reply promptly. Howell then telephoned Malone, made an appointment to meet Malone in Hartford, and arrived there with a sheaf of papers to support the Howell "rain-making" claims. No one will admit it openly now, but the possi-

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bility of a libel suit against the National Academy of Sciences was in the air.

Malone asked Howell why the papers hadn't been entered in the scientific literature. Howell replied that a number of them had been sent to the U.S. Weather Bureau in Washington. A check of the Bureau files disclosed that Howell was right. No one could explain why the papers hadn't reached the panelists' hands before.

At that point in time Malone was reconstituting the panel because of one member's resignation. Since Howell's data required analysis by an exacting cloud physicist, Malone filled the vacant spot by naming a skeptic noted for fairness: James C. McDonald, of the University of Arizona. McDonald accepted the task of going over Howell's data. The job was prodigious. McDonald began it antagonized by a host of minor errors in Howell's papers. Howell couldn't explain how the errors had occurred. But in working through the summer of 1965 with a philosophy student helper and a computer, McDonald began to discern a statistical pattern that confirmed Howell's claims. McDonald reported this new state of affairs to the panel. Three independent checks were run: one by the RAND Corporation, one by the University of Chicago, and one by the Weather Bureau. All agreed with McDonald's conclusion, and one showed that a suspected decrease in rainfall downwind from cloud "seeding" was actually an augmentation of rain as far as 150 miles downwind.

On January 7, 1966, Tom Malone sent to Academy president Frederick Seitz a new report from the "weather mod" panel. In effect, it repeated the 1957 TACWC statement that rain may be augmented by as much as 10 per cent by "seeding" of winter storm clouds in the mountains. The 1966 report added that "seeding" cumulus clouds in non-mountainous areas may result in 10 to 20 per cent more rain than would fall without man's help.

An ironical aspect of this historic reversal in the Academy's position was that "weather mod" experiments supported by NSF were steadily piling up evidence that ice crystals haven't the dominant role they were thought to have in raindrop formation in northern latitudes and have no role at all in tropical rain. Nature was still guarding the key mystery: How do a million or more cloud droplets coalesce into a single raindrop, and how does that raindrop grow big and heavy enough to fall through the opposing updraft of warm, moist air that created the cloud and holds it aloft.

Man is still a very long way from shepherding the winds. But wisdom firmly suggests that mankind start now to train the shepherds. —JOHN LEAR.
Science Editor.

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—CIV

HEAD KEEPER OF THE NEW CATHEDRAL

Dean Don K. Price, AAAS President-Elect

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THOSE who think of science entirely in biological and physical terms may have trouble if they come to the Harvard University campus in search of the president-elect of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. They are told his name is Price. The Harvard Museum of Comparative Zoology seems, to the purist, an appropriate first place to look, and a Price is there, working in the shop of the Agassiz Museum. But that person turns out to be Mrs. Margaret Helen Gailbreath Price, who, until Alfred Sherwood Romer retired as museum director two years ago, had served as his technical assistant. Mrs. Price's husband, Don K. Price, dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Public Administration, is the AAAS president-elect. He is to be found in the Littauer Building, an imposing off-white structure where the corridors, classrooms, and offices have heard much more of the pluralism and freedom of the constitutional system of government than of Darwin's *Beagle*.

The only scientific instruments in the Littauer Building are the computers used by the economists-in-residence there. That the AAAS—a body of 100,000 that has been described as an amorphous holding company for 300 affiliated scientific organizations—should choose its new chief from such an atmosphere is emphatic confirmation of a fundamental change. Though there still are scientists who continue to emphasize man's sophisticated place in the biophysical world while neglecting him as the basic element of the social world, more and more natural scientists and physicians have come to appreciate that man's condition as an individual is determined not merely by the character of his bodily parts and of the physical environment, but also by interaction with his family, his home, his town, and his country.

One facet of this interaction—the interaction between science and government—has as its core puzzle the question of how science, with all its awesome spawn, is to be related to this nation's politics, its values, its economics. And in this arena where public policy originates, Dean Price, a professor of government, is an authority.

Most of the men who have guided the AAAS through its 118 years of life have been natural scientists: Joseph Henry, who almost simultaneously with Britain's Michael Faraday explained and tested the principles behind the electric generator and electric motor; Louis Agassiz, the naturalist; A. A. Michelson, who measured accurately the speed of light and became the first American to win a Nobel Prize. Only a handful have been social scientists, the last being the economist Wesley C. Mitchell in 1938.

"The election of Dean Price, a political scientist, is a relatively rare event," commented the AAAS journal, *Science*. "The event takes on added significance when one considers that the natural sciences do not lack for distinguished leaders of proven wisdom."

EVEN in Harvard terms, Dean Price is a relatively rare event. If there is such a phenomenon as a Harvard accent, this lanky, friendly man with thinning hair hasn't got it. He drapes himself comfortably in his chair in the manner of Middlesboro, Kentucky (where he was born "just north of the Cumberland Gap and Daniel Boone country, in 1910") and speaks with an easy drawl.

"People were all excited when they heard I was named to the post," he told me in a recent interview. "Kept asking me when I was leaving for Washington. The answer is that this is strictly a part-time deal, like four or five weekends."

Dean Price will serve a year as AAAS president-elect, followed by a year as president and another as chairman of the directors' board.

His influence in filling the gap between science and the humanities has

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already been made felt through books and articles he has written during five years on the AAAS board. Speaking of the future, he said:

"The AAAS will be paying more attention to the social sciences as days go on, but not because I plan to weight things that way. AAAS and science already were moving in that direction. I'm a result, not a cause."

While there is a substantial difference in approach in the natural and social sciences, so is there within the natural sciences themselves, he pointed out. "Physics isn't astronomy, and in the total mix there is going to be a need for the various types of sciences to work together."

DEAN PRICE, who feels deeply that the impact of science on American life and the velocity of technical changes require a theory of the relation of science to political authority that will more accurately reflect the American experience, summed up the results of years of research in this field in his recent book, *The Scientific Estate* (The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press).

"The union of the political and scientific estates," he wrote, "is not like a partnership but a marriage. It will not be improved if the two become like each other, but only if they respect each other's quite different needs and purposes. No great harm is done if in the meantime they quarrel a bit."

Speaking four years ago at Vanderbilt University (where he received an A.B. degree in 1931), he noted that science had become the major establishment in the American political system and that its importance could be measured by the dimensions of its financial support and the breadth of its influence. Coupled with these remarks, however, was a warning that the new role of American science in society presents some problems.

"Politicians are more likely to abuse it," he said, "by calling on it to advance their special causes than they are to ignore it. The public and members of appropriations committees are being led to think of science in terms of spectacular results like a space satellite or a cancer cure. The political pressure to pass miracles may put some uncomfortable pressures on the independence of scientific institutions."

It is the dean's contention that if a government is to act as an organized whole it must make decisions on problems for which neither the sciences nor the professions that are based on them—engineering and medicine—are prepared to give the complete answers. "But although science can never provide a complete solution for any major political problem, no major problem can be dealt with today without its help, and its help can be effective only if it is given generous support, and a large measure of freedom."

The role of science in American life, he said, is to maintain a systematic pursuit of truth and incidentally to criticize and check the exercise of power—a role similar to that of the church in an earlier age.

While working out a theoretical and analytical framework for the relationship of modern science to the making of public policy is a prime interest of the dean's, he is also keenly interested in the science of government, and in the manner in which executive agencies are related to the legislature and to the whole political spectrum. At Oxford, as a Rhodes Scholar, he took an A.B. degree in 1934 and the Litt.B. in 1935 with a thesis comparing the constitutional, administrative, and sociological roles of the British administrative class of civil servants with that of America's.

Before going abroad he had worked as a reporter and state editor of the *Nashville Evening Tennessean* from 1930 to 1932. "They were hard up for help," he recalled. "It was during the depths of the depression and the sheet was going into bankruptcy. I guess I did everything from writing occasional editorials to setting headlines in type. Looking back I can say that it certainly was good experience in how to work on many things one is not good at. The experience I gained was extremely valuable. . . . Anyone who works with deadlines in journalism gets excellent training."

He might have toyed with the idea of journalism as a career when he returned to the United States in 1935 had it not been for the grip government was starting to get on him.

There was "quite a bit of excitement about government programs going on when I got back," he explained, "so I thought I'd give it a whirl."

THE first "whirl" was a two-year turn as a research assistant with the Home Owners Loan Corporation, and assistant to the chairman, Central Housing Committee, attempting to hammer out a national housing policy with machinery for its administration. Following this, he toured the country on a Social Science Research Council grant, and prepared a report on the city manager form of government. Settling in Chicago to write that report, he stayed for fourteen years, working with the Public Administration Clearing House, an information center which provided research facilities and technical assistance to public officials and organizations interested in government service. While writing for the *Public Administration Review*, he drew up a comparison of the British and American systems which elicited a reply

—*Harvard News Office.*

Dean Don K. Price of Harvard.

from the late British Socialist Harold Laski. A third article by Dean Price completed the debate.

"This debate," he said, "is sort of an obscure point among political scientists. When I did the article in *Public Administration Review*—few people probably ever heard of the journal—someone called it to Laski's attention. I'm sure he never would have read it on his own, and I'm afraid no one would have paid attention to my article if the famous man hadn't replied."

Within the Public Administration Clearing House he progressed from editorial associate to assistant director before entering military service in World War II as a lieutenant in the Coast Guard Reserve. Stationed in the Office of the Coast Guard Commandant, he planned a system for the wartime performance of the service's regulatory duties. This experience pointed him to the U.S. Budget Bureau at the war's end, and there he was instrumental in preparing the legislation that enabled creation of the Atomic Energy Commission and the National Science Foundation. ("I was really in the junior grade category in those days.")

Back at the Clearing House as its associate director in 1946, he undertook service as an assistant to the late President Herbert Hoover in studying the presidency of the United States. Later he became deputy chairman of the Research and Development Board of the Defense Department and staff director for the Committee on Department of Defense Organization. He continued working on government reorganization schemes under Presidents Dwight D. Eisenhower, John F. Kennedy, and Lyndon B. Johnson. But he left the Clearing House in 1953 for a vice-presidency of the Ford Foundation and in 1958 took his first full-time academic job at Harvard.

For the last several years, Dean Price, with natural scientists and social scien-

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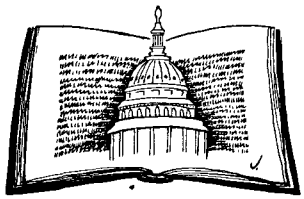

tists, has conducted a pioneering seminar for graduate students in science and public policy. Faculty participants have included engineering and applied physics Dean Harvey Brooks, Professor I. Bernard Cohen, science historian, and economist Carl Kaysen. Dean Price is also on the faculty committee for Harvard's program in technology and society, a member of the board of directors of the Social Science Research Council, a trustee of the RAND Corporation, trustee of the Twentieth Century Fund, and a consultant to the Committee for Economic Development. He also served as chairman of a citizens committee reviewing Boston's public welfare problems.

Does his heavy schedule leave him time for anything extracurricular?

"I'm afraid I'm dreadfully conventional," he replied. "I don't have any esoteric hobbies, except maybe playing middle-aged squash and tennis. Golf I played some twenty years ago. So when a *Times* reporter asked me recently if I had to give it up because of the pressure of activity, I found it was easier to say that I had given it up rather than to admit I hadn't played for some years. Insofar as music is concerned, I'm about as unmusical as they come. There's nothing else but sitting around reading detective stories when I should be reading something more important."

The Prices have two children. Young Don, finishing his doctoral work in Russian and Chinese, just returned from Taiwan. The daughter, Linda, a Smith graduate, is married to an English paleontologist, Keith Thomson, now on the Yale faculty.

The dean, whom the *Harvard Crimson* has described as "an unusual combination of scholar and bureaucrat," sums up some of his thoughts this way:

"The establishment of science and other forms of learning in free universities and professional societies, governed on principles quite different from those of politics, has provided an essential counterbalance in the American constitutional system to the democratic competition for political power. It has provided the answer to those who feared, after the abolition of the aristocracy and an established church, that democracy could never foster the arts or the theoretical sciences, and would steadily decline in intellectual energy and in the freedom and initiative of its independent institutions.

"At the same time, science has turned loose technological forces in society which we have not yet learned to control in a responsible manner, and it shows little promise of discovering a new system of absolute values by which to judge them. In view of the way in which science seems to condemn us to life in a world of rapid social change, we may have to get used to a constitutional system that does not operate according to absolute rules or fixed procedures, but one that adjusts itself to meet new conditions in a world that we do not expect to become perfect in the predictable future.

"Perhaps indeed a nation can be free only if it is not in too great a hurry to become perfect. It can then defend its freedom by keeping the institutions established for the discovery of truth and those for the exercise of political power independent of each other.

"But independence should not mean isolation. Only if a nation can induce scientists to play an active role in government, and politicians to take a sympathetic interest in science (or at least in scientific institutions) can it enlarge its range of positive freedom, and renew its confidence that science can contribute progressively to the welfare of mankind."

—JOHN LANGONE.

Free-lance John Langone until recently was medical writer for the Boston Herald.

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

TEXT OF THE NEW LESSON

Concerning Science and Human Freedom

SCIENTISTS, even those who have no other political interest, are interested in freedom. They are manifestly concerned for the freedom of their own research, cherishing the privilege of unhampered investigation and teaching in academic institutions. They also like to think of science as the intellectual force that challenged the authority of the church and the old forms of learning. They like to believe that the inner spirit of science is one of freedom, that the processes of scientific research require freedom, and that therefore the political influence of science must be in the direction of freedom—not merely freedom for scientists but freedom for mankind.

And so, in an ideal sense, it should. But that is like saying that, since the spirit of religion is one of love, the political influence of religion must always be in the direction of charity and peace. History suggests that there is a political fallacy in both statements. Just as churches, once they are organized in association with worldly power, do not always conform to their ideals, so scientists seem to be able to accommodate themselves to political systems that destroy freedom, or even able to support the basic theory of such systems. It is obvious on the record that scientists who are highly sophisticated in their own disciplines are quite capable of supporting authoritarian political theories on either the right or the left, or at least passively accepting them—and this seems to be as true in the social as in the physical and biological sciences.

Scientists in the free nations have been clearly committed to the cause of freedom, and have done much to increase the spirit of independence and open criticism within their free institutions. But this does not mean that science as such, in a different setting, would necessarily have the same result. For wherever science tries to become a unified and authoritative system of thought that pretends to explain all types of knowledge and to guide all types of actions, it becomes more a rationalization of a will to power than a valid intellectual discipline. And there is little reason to think that science, in countries that are now under dictatorial rule, will by educating the masses necessarily give them a greater spirit of political freedom.

The countries that have been the most successful in establishing free governments are those in which the essentials of freedom were established before science became a powerful force in society. In Great Britain, the skepticism of the classical scholar and the passionate independence of the dissenting clergy did more than science to break up the unity of ecclesiastical thought on which the traditional authority of the sovereign depended. Indeed, science had a chance to flourish, and develop its own independent institutions, only after this revolution in both intellectual and political affairs led by the theologians.

Bacon was, of course, correct in thinking that science was in conflict with Platonic theology in that science opposed teleology – the way of thinking that explained events in terms of their

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purposes. But by his day theology had, over the millennia, taken broad steps in his direction. After all, the idea of monotheism was a major step away from the belief that specific human purposes were promoted by particular gods, and toward the idea that there was a coherent system of order in the universe. Another step was embodied in the myth of the expulsion from the Garden of Eden, which suggested that man was not a god, and not to share in the knowledge of ultimate purpose—a myth much more congenial to the mood of modern science than that of Prometheus, whose ambition was merely technological, to break up, so to speak, the Olympian patent monopoly. And then in later centuries had come the two most pertinent changes in theological ideas: first, the doctrine that Divine purpose had not been summed up by a revelation of specific commandments or rules of conduct, but depended instead on an indefinable personal relationship; and second, the belief that no human organization could be trusted with authority to define the nature of truth or of Divine purpose.

It was this last step, culminating in the Puritan rebellion, that left England in the seventeenth century a freer place for the development of science than anywhere else in Europe. For though the Puritans themselves had no intention of being tolerant, their doctrines undermined the kind of hierarchical organization that was needed to enforce intolerance, and to maintain traditional sovereignty on a national scale. As James I so grimly summed up the issue, "No Bishop, no King." And neither the Puritans nor the skeptical trimmers who succeeded them in political power expected that man could discover a doctrine or a theory by which he could be made perfect on earth. That expectation, which tempts men to entrust their rulers with unlimited authority in order to gain unlimited ends, reappeared during Robespierre's worship of reason, and then again in the utopian vision of Karl Marx. It is not based on science as scientists now understand science, though it may well be based on a popular faith in science as an approach to utopia.

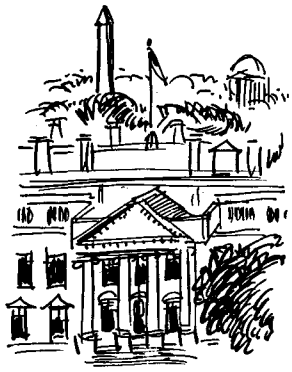
Indeed it is clear that science alone, without the intellectual checks and balances provided by other intellectual disciplines, will not fortify a political system against this temptation to use power to force men to be free. And it is equally clear that science and theology alike are unable to define with authority the ends of public policy. Though science has given mankind greater certainty of knowledge, it has gained that certainty by renouncing the concern for purpose that must remain at the heart of politics and administration.

Any constitutional system that undertakes to protect freedom by dividing power has to be based first of all on a separation between the institutions that exercise political power and those that are engaged in the search for truth. And this separation seems to be based in turn on a way of thinking that accepts and defends the mutual independence of various disciplines, and of various forms of knowledge. The maintenance of the privileges of private property, or the defense of the prerogatives of the several branches of government, is important but secondary. The most fundamental threat to freedom would be an effort of a science faculty in a university, with the help of political authority, to suppress a faculty of law or theology, or vice versa.

THE case for the mutual independence of the several disciplines does not depend mainly on the objective validity of the ways by which they acquire and verify knowledge. It depends even more on the political value of maintaining free competition and free mutual criticism in the search for truth. And this is a value on which men in every university tacitly agree—men who believe in the infallibility of Divine revelation along with men who believe that the only way in which anyone can know anything is by the rigorous method of science—and men who say they believe hardly anything.

It would be ridiculous today to think that the natural sciences are trying to extend their dominion over other forms of learning, even though in Communist countries Marxist theory undertakes to base its notions of justice and of the purpose of politics on the principles of a materialist science. For the natural sciences in the Western world, even while they are rapidly developing the concepts and principles that they have in common, are not moving toward an authoritarian unity in the government of their several disciplines, or of their own scientific societies. However scientists might conceive of the ideal unity of the sciences, they are not inclined to make it the basis of a unified organization that could control their scholarly interests, much less the basis of a political theory to control public affairs.

So far I have been talking about freedom from politics, a freedom which scientists enjoy in countries that follow the Western tradition, though they have probably done less to achieve it than they have taken credit for. But scientists are beginning to develop also an increased interest in a more positive freedom—freedom *in* politics. And they have probably done more to extend this kind of freedom for themselves—freedom to participate in government and engage in policy innovation—than they have been willing to admit. Their freedom *from* politics depends on the assumption that science cannot authoritatively define our ends. But that is not to say that it does not influence them, or that it can deal only with means. The scientists' freedom in politics, and the politicians' abil-



ity to control technology in a responsible manner, depend on the assumption that science can influence our political ends as well as our technical means.

Politically, science has a profound influence on the way we all think about ends and values, and the political system has to accommodate itself to that fact. This has nothing to do with the abstract question whether science can provide any knowledge of ultimate purpose or of ideal values. Some would say that only theology and philosophy and the arts afford such knowledge, and that science never can. Others would say that ultimate purpose and ideal values are concepts without real (that is, scientific) meaning, being at worst mere rationalizations of irrational preferences, and at best mere verbal statements of propositions which for the time being science has not yet reduced to systematic knowledge. But this dispute can be ignored in dealing with the political problem; in politics, ends and values are those purposes and policy judgments on the basis of which politicians in a free system have to be responsible to the electorate. And obviously science has a profound effect on the ways in which a political system makes its most important choices.

Science supplies much of the great body of factual knowledge that men

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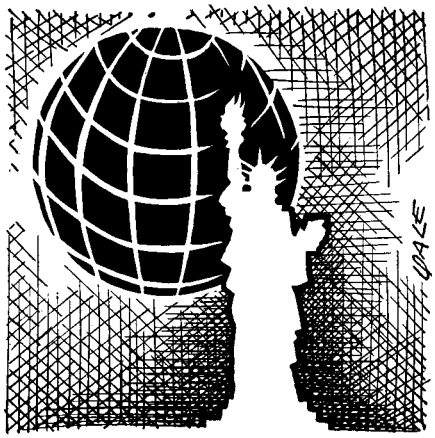


must agree on (at least they must agree on most of it) if their arguments about the choices that are open to them are to be conducted on some rational and orderly basis. It sweeps away superstitions that paralyze political responsibility. It opens up new opportunities and new possibilities for cooperation, and thus makes the concept of a public interest more meaningful, though at the same time more complicated and difficult to define. Accordingly, it is impossible to expect either science or scientists not to be deeply involved in the major issues that confront a modern government.

So science cannot either solve our policy problems for us or stand aside from them. And that is why the scientific community and the politicians need to develop the clearest possible idea of the working rules that govern their relationship. But it is not easy to define the ways in which scientists should be given support by government and permitted to exercise their initiative or influence in policy issues of interest to government.

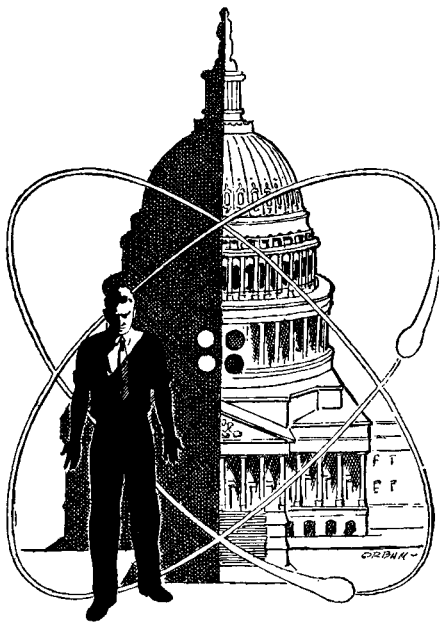
Disestablishment is obviously no longer an acceptable formula. In other times the government of the United States left the support of education and research, except in fields related directly to governmental programs, to state and local governments and private philanthropy. But it now considers the direct support of fundamental science a primary national purpose. And the change is a profound one in ways that are more important than the appropriation of funds; politicians now recognize that their decisions depend on scientific considerations, and that their established policies may be upset by new scientific discoveries. They stand in some awe of the scientists. It seems we have come a long way from the Jacksonian belief that the duties of government are so simple that they can be discharged by any ordinary citizen.

Yet in a way we remain as overconfident as ever of the competence of our fellow citizens. If science is involved in policy, then we expect science to solve our problems for us. And so we look to elected politicians to base their decisions directly on the advice of pure scientists, or even less plausibly we think that scientists as such should be given positions of political authority.

It is very hard for Americans to admit that practically all policies are based on a mixture of ideas that only scientists can understand with other ideas that most of them do not bother to—such as considerations of cost, administrative effectiveness, political feasibility, and competition with other policies. As a result, policy questions cannot either be solved like an equation or disposed of by a statute. On the contrary, political authorities can deal with them only within the context of a politically responsible organization. They do so partly by coming to understand the facts themselves, but mainly by granting their support and confidence to an appropriate balance of scientific, professional, and administrative talents within the public service. The United States finds it hard to adjust itself to the idea that it must now seek to maintain effective control over the experts not by the tactics of pure individualism, and not by breaking up the power of established institutions and professional corps within the government, but by maintaining a proper balance among competing estates.

It should be possible for political leaders to encourage the initiative of scientists in matters of policy, and at the same time to distinguish between their precise scientific knowledge and their political prejudices. (And if the politicians cannot tell the difference themselves, the scientists' colleagues and rivals will help them do so.) Nevertheless, politicians are obliged to be on their guard in such matters. For whether or not most scientists wish it, laymen are likely to push scientists into the position of prophets. A sophisticated generation that has given up much of its faith in traditional religion may be beginning to worship science mainly for the magical benefits that it can provide through technology. As a result, the established institutions of science are now under as much temptation to resort to casuistry as any ecclesiastic: to what extent are they to advocate the appropriation of billions to support particular programs of technological magic in order to dazzle the vulgar voter into letting them have millions for the advancement of scientific truth?

As a practical matter of institutional politics, science is no longer seriously threatened by the rivalry of the magic of religion; its own technological magic is what it has to worry about. The advancement of basic science will doubtless get still larger appropriations as a result of the emphasis on the purposes of military or nuclear or space technology or the demand for new wonder drugs. But it may also suffer considerable distortions in the directions of its development and in the distribution of its best talents, and its leaders are fearful of threats to the autonomy of its institutions. For this reason, the selection of men concerned with basic research as advisers to the President is an appropriate one. It is not at the level of the presidency that a combination of secret bureaucracy and technology is likely to dominate the policies of the United States in irresponsible and inhumane directions. The presidency is too open to public scrutiny, and too effectively checked by a variety of bureaucratic interests and congressional committees, and too sensitive to its quadrennial accountability to the nation as a whole, to become committed to highly specialized technical purposes. The threat of technocracy is more likely to come through an alliance between particular congressional committees and the professional interests within a particular agency or department. For though the committees of Congress have been multiplying the procedures by which they can hold the executive branch accountable, no one



has yet found ways by which the committees themselves can be regularly called to account by the Congress.

Five successive Presidents, from Roosevelt to Johnson, brought to their executive office science advisers drawn mainly from basic research and academic institutions. The main reason why the President has turned to the scientific rather than the professional estate for his advisers is probably that the basic scientists, on issues that do not affect their own types of establishment, are relatively able to give objective advice.

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On the issues of political action, entailing the largest expenditures, they tend to be somewhat less committed to particular ways of thinking, and particular projects and policies, than are the industrial engineers and the physicians in private practice – less committed, and less subject to charges of conflict of interest. With their help, and with an understanding of the limitations on the contribution that they can make to issues of policy, a political leader has a better chance to maintain responsible control over the technological programs of government and to prevent his subordinates from presenting him with recommendations to which he can find no practicable alternative.

The establishment of science (and other forms of learning) in free universities and professional societies, governed on principles quite different from those of politics, has provided an essential counterbalance in the American constitutional system to the democratic competition for political power. It has provided the answer to those who feared, after the abolition of aristocracy and an established church, that democracy could never foster the arts or the theoretical sciences, and would steadily decline in intellectual energy and in the freedom and initiative of its independent institutions. At the same time, science has turned loose technological forces in society which we have not yet learned to control in a responsible manner, and it shows little promise of discovering a new system of absolute values by which to judge them.

In view of the way in which science seems to condemn us to live in a world of rapid social change, we may have to get used to a constitutional system that does not operate according to absolute rules or fixed procedures, but one that adjusts itself to meet new conditions in a world that we do not expect to become perfect in the predictable future. Perhaps indeed a nation can be free only if it is not in too great a hurry to become perfect. It can then defend its freedom by keeping the institutions established for the discovery of truth and those for the exercise of political power independent of each other. But independence should not mean isolation. Only if a nation can induce scientists to play an active role in government, and politicians to take a sympathetic interest in science (or at least in scientific institutions) can it enlarge its range of positive freedom, and renew its confidence that science can contribute progressively to the welfare of mankind.

—Don K. Price
in *The Scientific Estate*;
© Copyright 1965 by the President and Fellows of Harvard College.
(Belknap-Harvard, $5.95).

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

An Airror

I enjoyed John Lear's article on the Russian "Robot on the Moon" [*SR*, Mar. 5]. However, the description of how the two-foot ball may have landed was misleading, *i.e.*, "like a seedpod wafted on a breeze . . . petals . . . thrown into the air (*sic*) . . . to drift down. . . ." The lack of atmosphere on the moon makes the above description inaccurate.

L. W. Spradlin.
Scotia, N.Y.

Unsexing a Quiz

I feel I must write in protest to the science editor's reply to Professor W. Grant Dahlstrom [*SR*, March 5]. It reminds me of the reply made by a farmer who is accused of returning a kettle in poor condition: "I returned it in perfect shape, what's more it was dented when I borrowed it, and I didn't borrow it in the first place."

When I first read the attack on the "sex quiz" I was tempted to write expressing my dismay that *SR* would handle an important issue concerning research into what can be a delicate and sensitive area, human personality functioning, in such a cavalier manner. Eventually, I grew less angry and more occupied with other matters, trusting that others would respond. Professor Dahlstrom has done so in a rational fashion: both acknowledging that research with humans can create ethical dilemmas and ably attempting to clear the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory from the contumely heaped on by the label "sex quiz." To respond to his efforts by insinuating that psychologists doubt their own ethics because they are concerned with the problem and have not resolved it is absurd. To call the MMPI a sex quiz because of a few items out of more than 300 is analogous to my calling the *SR* a humor magazine because of the occasional cartoons. If the real issue is the rights of the children and parents involved, you should deal with that and not smear tools and professions.

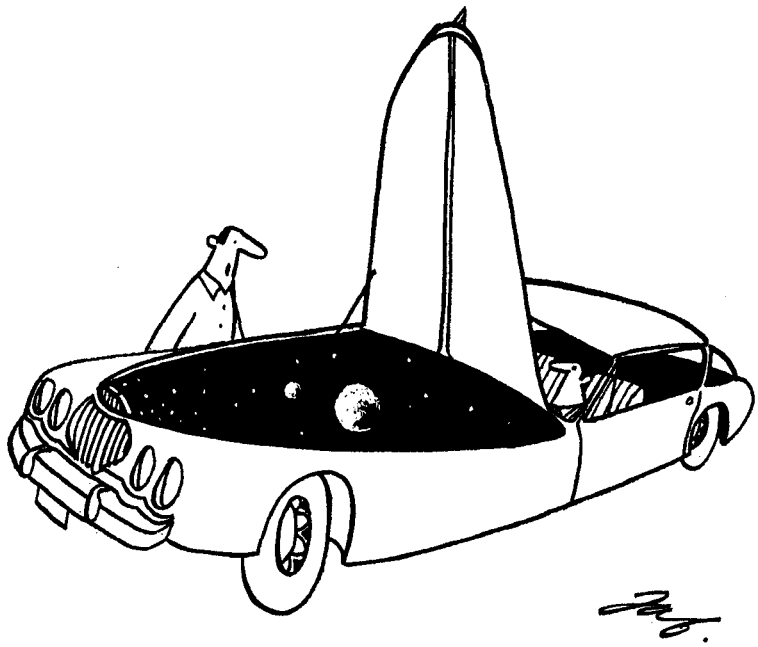
Albert S. Carlin, Ph.D.,
Department of Psychiatry,
Medical School,
University of Washington.
Seattle, Wash.

Anyone who says that human behavior isn't predictable doesn't follow the Science and Humanity Section of the *Saturday Review*. Your behavior in the March 5 issue ran true to form. There we find your usual defense of misstatements (have you ever admitted that you were wrong?), a disproportionate number of letters supporting your views (someone ought to demand a recount), and further misleading statements. Your comment that "a small number of sex questions . . . may be an excitingly large number to . . . a boy or girl" would be funny if it were not so revealing of your shortcomings as an editor and so symptomatic of your own character structure.

Since you are reasonably bright, the remarks on the November issue of the *American Psychologist* imply that your failure to understand the problem is an attitudinal defect rather than an intellectual one (or perhaps you didn't have time to read it yourself).

You seem to show a pretty good grasp of the physical sciences, at least at the technical level. In the natural sciences, however, you are obviously less at home. But in the social sciences you exemplify exquisitely the truth of Freud's observation:

> No reader of a work on astronomy would feel disappointed and contemptuous of that science, if he were shown the point at which our knowledge of



"OK, rev her up."

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the universe melts into obscurity. Only in psychology is it otherwise; here the constitutional incapacity of men for scientific research comes into full view. It looks as though people did not expect from psychology progress in knowledge, but some other kind of satisfaction; every unsolved problem, every acknowledged uncertainty is turned into a ground of complaint against it.

Let me leave you with a comment in a form that I am sure you are familiar with (is Edward any kin?).

To the sciolist editor Lear:
Your readers have plenty to fear,
Since *you* have the right
To right what you write,
But nobody else—that is clear.

GEORGE S. WELSH.
Chapel Hill, N.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *George S. Welsh is co-author, with W. Grant Dahlstrom, of "An MMPI Handbook: A Guide to Use in Clinical Practice and Research."*

I AM RESPONDING TO Dr. W. Grant Dahlstrom's letter in which he made several critical comments concerning Mrs. Charlotte Isler's "sex quiz" letter.

Dr. Dahlstrom contends that the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory is a "well-established personality instrument." This is simply not the case. Any review of the literature will show that there is great disagreement among the experts concerning the validity of the MMPI.

Karl U. Smith, professor of psychology, in 1962 stated that "of all the personality inventories, the greatest amount of systematic research has been done on the MMPI. This research has brought out the fact that the MMPI . . . has never displayed a level of validity in discriminating between the adjustment of individuals sufficient to justify its use as an instrument of individual diagnosis and prediction" (*Behavior Organization and Work: A New Approach To Industrial Behavior Science*).

A very brief perusal of the *Third, Fourth, and Fifth Mental Measurement Yearbook* will quickly demonstrate that there is intense disagreement concerning the utility of the MMPI. Dr. Dahlstrom calls for a fairer presentation of the MMPI, yet his presentation is far from fair when he states that the MMPI is "well-established."

Dr. Dahlstrom chastises the *Saturday Review* for borrowing a technique "from your journalistic confreres in the newspaper game" and trying "to make sensational a problem that has deep and growing concern to behavioral scientists." However, he employs the same technique that he condemns when he answers Mrs. Isler by calling her an "irate mother"; by making a totally irrelevant comment: "Can't you just hear this woman screaming about how the school had failed her child if some emotional problem had grown to serious proportions in her boy . . . ?" Surely, Dr. Dahlstrom does not believe that rhetoric of this type will lead to the "sensitive and accurate research" that he desires.

Dr. Dahlstrom fails to attempt to answer any of the thoughtful questions that Mrs. Isler raises: Should the school or any other institution expose children to psychological tests without the parents' permission? On whose authority may this be done? Should the parents trust the judgment of the educators or other experts? Until Dr. Dahlstrom and other behavioral scientists attempt to answer these questions, until they learn to respect concerned parents, until they let the facts fall where they may, the "help of informed outsiders like yourself and many of your readers" in research projects will most probably not be obtained.

BARRY M. DANK,
Graduate student,
Department of Sociology,
University of Wisconsin.
Madison, Wis.

I SHOULD LIKE to take issue with Professor Dahlstrom's comments about psychological testing in the schools.

The question here is not whether children will be harmed by responding to tests such as the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory. I am inclined to agree with Dahlstrom's judgment that this test is harmless. Not so innocuous, however, is the growing practice of researchers who pry into the private lives of school children and other captive populations. Professor Dahlstrom's assurances about the ethics of psychologists on the one hand and the potential yield of such investigations on the other are, I think, misleading.

Take the ethical point first. Ethical judgments are notoriously susceptible to rationalization, a danger that is particularly great when one group of people acts in what it conceives to be the welfare of another group. There is no tyranny like a benevolent tyranny. When freedom and dignity are imposed upon, the perpetrators always (and sometimes sincerely) justify their actions on the highest ethical and moral grounds. To say, as Dahlstrom does, that "the great majority of behavioral scientists are ethical and circumspect" is to be guilty of something of an oversimplification.

The second point that Dahlstrom makes is that research of the kind under discussion is likely to yield important insights into "delinquency and other serious adolescent emotional problems." This, too, is somewhat misleading. Test-centered investigations of massive social problems have been carried out by the thousands with little in the way of useful data emerging. To imply that a mother who refuses to let her child participate in another such study is thereby impeding scientific progress is, therefore, rather unfair. Exaggerated claims for the value of such research, incidentally, makes something of a mockery of parental consent. Few parents would wish to obstruct an investigation that is described as bearing on a matter as serious as juvenile delinquency.

My hunch is that the answer to problems such as delinquency will not come from test data. I rather suspect that asocial and antisocial behavior are in large part a function of the moral climate. Science, I think, can provide a healthy corrective here—not by researching the problem but by setting an example. The kind of honesty, dedication, sense of excitement, curiosity, and respect for fact that has been characteristic of so much of science can provide inspiration for adolescents. It would be too bad if, in the name of science, that image becomes sullied by falsification; no matter how subtle or well-intentioned, distortions of reality are the very antithesis of science.

RALPH LINDER, Ph.D.,
Clinical Psychologist.
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Forced Landing

The "docking," or linking together of two spaceships, in the manner required for voyaging to the moon, is not the simply achieved maneuver the National Aeronautics and Space Administration had led the American people to believe.

That became clear on March 16 when the two astronauts riding Gemini 8 had to break away from their rendezvous with a companion rocket and return to earth ahead of schedule.

The astronauts—U.S. Army Major David R. Scott and civilian pilot Neil A. Armstrong—landed safely in the Pacific following the emergency, being picked up three hours later.

Perhaps NASA will now abandon its overconfident attitude and begin instead to emphasize the difficulties and dangers of space flight so that popular opinion will be prepared for disasters that are bound to happen. —J.L.

Cancerous Experiment

A HEARTY COMMENDATION for the article "Do We Need New Rules for Experiments on People?" [*SR*, Feb. 5]. As a physician I do not subscribe to the idea that the medical profession is above reproach or criticism. What often passes for "individualism" in medical circles is in reality an unconscious cover-up for bad manners, impatience, or an unwillingness to meet the patient on the latter's home ground, so to speak. Medical science has made and promises to make stupendous strides but the humanism that accompanies it simply has not kept up, as has also occurred with the advances in the physical sciences. The article referred to above should be read by every physician, for it is not only thought-provoking but it also serves as a salutary purgative to be administered whenever a group of these boys "should have known better."

ALFRED HAMADY, M.D.
Battle Creek, Mich.

YOUR PROFILE IN COURAGE on William A. Hyman is an outstanding statement. This man has made an historical public contribution to human welfare, as broad or perhaps of wider significance than any political act of heroism.

MARY PTOLEMY PALENCSAR.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

CONGRATULATIONS on your splendid exposé of cancer experimentation. Lawyer Hyman

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deserves the Congressional Medal. As for the three young doctors, it is good to know that some actually honor the Hippocratic oath in spirit as well as in letter.

NAN C. CARPENTER.
Syracuse, N.Y.

THE ARTICLE by John Lear in the February 5 issue was a display of the highest standards of responsible journalism. Mr. Lear deserves the warm thanks and congratulations of all his readers.

I wonder if it would be possible to get the address of the lawyer who figures so prominently in the article—Mr. William A. Hyman? The story Mr. Lear tells about his decisions is certainly one of the most encouraging things I have read in a long time.

ROBERT A. GHELARDI, JR.,
Thule Air Force Base.
APO, New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Many readers have expressed a wish to write to Mr. Hyman. Letters addressed to him in separately sealed envelopes in care of SR's science editor, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, will be forwarded to Mr. Hyman's office with seals intact.*

IF YOUR MAGAZINE is to succeed in its admirable aim to bridge the "two cultures," your science editor must be not only entertaining but also truthful and accurate. John Lear's further reporting of the aftermath of the injection of twenty patients with live cancer cells [*SR*, Mar. 5] consists almost entirely of a disguised news release from one of the leading contenders in the controversy, Mr. William A. Hyman. Mr. Hyman is an attorney and litigant whose past statements and behavior have been characterized by strong emotion.

If Mr. Lear had taken the trouble to check the facts, he could easily have learned that Dr. Mandel is not, as the article states, "the medical director of the Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital" but the director of the department of medicine. This office gives him no jurisdiction over one of the three physicians, a gynecologist, who, according to the article, was dismissed by Dr. Mandel. As the main point of Mr. Lear's report is that new complaints are being filed in court against Dr. Mandel for the dismissal of these physicians, it is certainly Mr. Lear's responsibility to check allegations prior to publication. If he had done so, he would have learned that the laymen who comprise the hospital's board of directors had decided not to reappoint the three physicians, who were consequently dropped. The use of your columns to purvey as fact unfounded publicity releases directed against a unique, outstanding hospital is a disservice to the public.

MONROE SCHNEIDER, M.D.,
Director of Orthopedic Surgery,
Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Schneider is correct in saying that the dismissals of the three physicians—Drs. Mendel Jacobi, Samuel Rosenfeld, and Hyman Strauss—from the staff of the Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital of Brooklyn were approved by the board of directors of the hospital. The dismissals were signed by the superintendent of the hospital, Mr. Solomon Siegel, and were dated January 3, 1966—a few days after Dr. Emanuel Mandel, chief of medicine at the hospital, had been found guilty (in company with Dr. Chester A. Southam, of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research) of "fraud and deceit" in the experimental injection of live cancer cells into the bodies of twenty-two hospital patients. Drs. Jacobi, Rosenfeld, and Strauss had testified against Dr. Mandel under summons from the office of the Attorney General of New York State.*

If Mr. William A. Hyman, the New York lawyer who exposed the cancer experiment while sitting as a member of the hospital board of directors, sent out any press releases regarding this matter, SR's science editor has not seen them but has obtained copies of documents Mr. Hyman filed in the Supreme Court of Kings County, New York, and in the office of Mr. August J. Bardo, director of the division of professional conduct, New York State Department of Education.

These documents include a copy of the minutes of a meeting of the executive committee of the Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital board of directors, held on Wednesday, April 21, 1965. The minutes list seven physicians as guests of the board committee that day. One of the seven was the accused Dr. Mandel. Another was Dr. Schneider, writer of the above letter. Under the heading, "IV. Discussion with directors of medical services," the minutes say:

"Mr. [Benjamin] Saltzman [chairman of the hospital board executive committee] asked for an open discussion with the physicians present who were invited as guests. The physicians described their feelings of harassment over our permitting the doctors involved in the actions pending in the 'Matter of William A. Hyman v. JCDH' to remain on the medical staff. The physicians present suggested that some appropriate action be taken either to censure or dismiss the doctors involved.

"It was suggested by the members of the executive committee that a statement of charges be prepared by one or more of the physicians present, and that such charges be presented to the executive committee for referral to the legal committee of the board of directors."

In addressing himself to the Supreme Court of Kings County in a sworn statement, Mr. Hyman commented:

"Doctors Mendel Jacobi, Hyman Strauss, and Samuel Rosenfeld, whose zeal for duty and high standards of ethical and moral conduct caused them to furnish me with affidavits of the misconduct of Doctors Mandel and Southam . . . were summarily discharged . . . despite the fact that their positions have been upheld by both the Board of Regents [of the New York State Department of Education] and the [New York State] Court of Appeals."

In the document he presented to Mr. Bardo, New York State Department of Education, Mr. Hyman asked:

"If reprisals of this nature are permitted against witnesses who have been sustained by the courts and by your department, what protection can the witnesses have?

"I respectfully suggest, therefore, that all the aforesaid doctors who cooperated and/or conspired with Dr. Mandel to punish the senior physicians who stood for the truth and upheld ethical standards should be brought up on disciplinary charges by you, and also I respectfully suggest that the probationary period of one year given to Dr. Mandel be rescinded and that the revocation of his license for at least one year be effective immediately."

"It would be just like the Russians to put a monkey on the moon before we got a man there."

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(Continued on page 64)

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from page 63)

CAMP COUNSELORS: Long established boys' camp in southern Maine invites inquiries from upper college level, graduate students and teachers interested in counseloring this summer. Positions specifically open are for water safety instructors, soccer, water skiing, riflery, archery, nature study, woodworking crafts, radio and electronics, general counseloring with younger boys. Tripping opening for one highly experienced who is available for a number of years. Write Camp Takajo, 63 Arleigh Road, Great Neck, L.I., New York.

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COLLEGE ART STUDY ABROAD—PARIS. 261 Boulevard Raspail, Paris, France.

(Continued on page 66)

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(Continued from page 65)

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

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Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Keep out what is already outside.	175 119 79 58 190 67 100
B. U.S. Air Base in S Vietnam (2 wds.).	75 143 18 57 31 98
C. Given name of important Asian lady much in recent news.	105 51 189 19 129 147
D. Describing human skins colored by certain process.	33 82 155 6 123 63
E. English physician who discovered the circulation of the blood (1578-1657).	126 140 124 36 156 112
F. Important seaport of N Vietnam.	111 46 154 9 2 14 114 44
G. Maine county which marks the northernmost part of the U.S. on the eastern seaboard.	120 87 49 12 178 1 60 27 102
H. U.S. Defense Secretary appointed 1961.	83 26 43 116 183 94 47 70
I. To drive close; fix firmly.	158 29 110 113 81 85
J. Family name of Scottish earls of Crawford and Balcarres, which is well-known to New Yorkers for another reason.	162 11 142 153 108 65 95
K. Rather unusual word for sonorous.	132 35 185 173 17 141
L. Process of making anything illegal.	182 134 125 106 151 138 174 163
M. Soporiferous.	121 78 99 7 55 159 42 191
N. Sentence difficult to pronounce because of succession of similar sounds (2 wds.).	192 177 62 128 145 80 10 50 32 23 135 3 166
O. The doctor's word for high blood pressure.	104 34 76 21 39 53 90 152 64 165 96 45
P. One of the simple substances of which the physical universe is composed.	130 74 127 89 84 66 179
Q. Familiar term for Tom Sawyer's jacket.	181 5 30 56 122 24 161 88 61 168
R. At cards, to outbid.	188 157 77 48 4 169 148 25
S. The tropical American evening glory.	28 86 68 13 172 149 72 139 37 22
T. Fit to have, or worthy of having, money spent on it.	180 164 97 109 187 171 52 59 117 101
U. The only reading of "a prosperous man of business" acc'g to G. B. S. *(Cashel Byron's Profession).*	170 118 93 167 186 184 103 8 38
V. Old-fashioned slang for a member of the labor organization I.W.W.	71 107 91 133 136 150
W. Sworn statement in writing which need not be signed by the maker but which must sufficiently identify him.	16 69 15 54 115 137 20 40 144
X. Following *Golden*, the three stars in the belt of Orion.	92 131 146 41 160 73 176

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 G	2 F	3 N		4 R	5 Q	6 D	7 M	8 U	9 F	10 N	11 J	12 G
13 S		14 F	15 W		16 W		17 K	18 B	19 C	20 W	21 O	22 S	23 N	24 Q	25 R	
26 H	27 G	28 S	29 I	30 Q	31 B	32 N	33 D	34 O		35 K	36 E	37 S	38 U	39 O	40 W	41 X
42 M	43 H	44 F		45 O	46 F	47 H	48 R	49 G	50 N		51 C	52 T	53 O	54 W	55 M	56 Q
57 B	58 A		59 T	60 G	61 Q	62 N	63 D	64 O		65 J	66 P	67 A		68 S	69 W	
70 H		71 V	72 S	73 X	74 P	75 B		76 O	77 R	78 M	79 A	80 N		81 I	82 D	83 H
84 P		85 I	86 S		87 G	88 Q	89 P	90 O		91 V	92 X		93 U	94 H	95 J	
96 O	97 T		98 B	99 M	100 A	101 T	102 G		103 U	104 O	105 C	106 L	107 V	108 J	109 T	110 I
111 F	112 E		113 I	114 F	115 W		116 H	117 T	118 U	119 A	120 G	121 M	122 Q	123 D	124 E	
125 L	126 E	127 P		128 N	129 C	130 P	131 X	132 K		133 V	134 L	135 N		136 V	137 W	138 L
	139 S	140 E	141 K		142 J	143 B	144 W	145 N	146 X	147 C	148 R	149 S	150 V		151 L	152 O
153 J		154 F	155 D	156 E	157 R	158 I	159 M	160 X	161 Q	162 J	163 L		164 T	165 O	166 N	167 U
168 Q		169 R	170 U	171 T		172 S	173 K	174 L	175 A	176 X	177 N	178 G	179 P		180 T	
181 Q	182 L	183 H	184 U	185 K		186 U	187 T	188 R	189 C	190 A	191 M	192 N				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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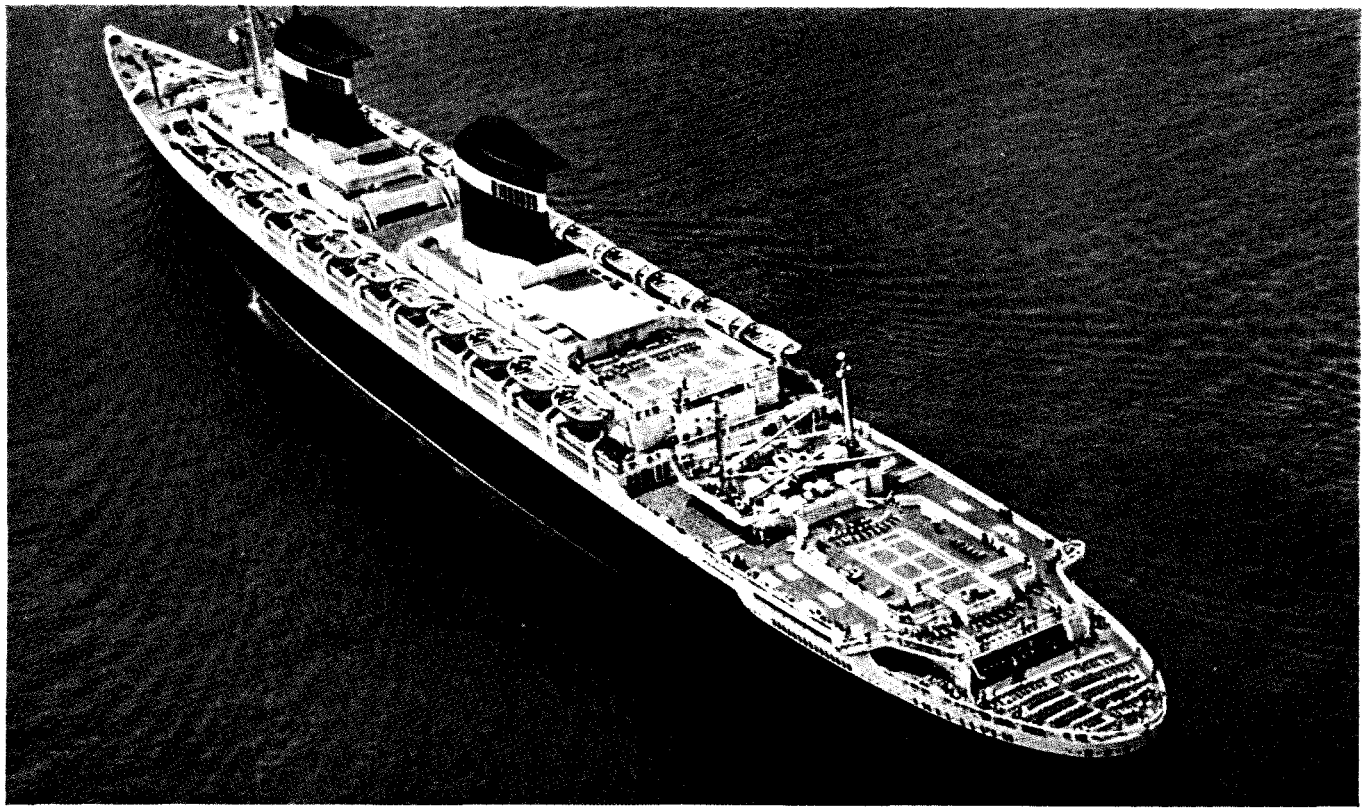
The ss United States is the fastest ship in the world.

We also have 5 acres of deck space. (Tennis anyone?)



One nice thing about taking the ss United States to Europe is all that deck space we put at your feet (five acres to be exact)! Makes it easy to take a hike . . . or play a few fast sets of deck tennis . . . or curl up in a deck chair away from everyone else.

It's hard to believe a ship so big can be so fast. Yet the ss United States is the *fastest ship in the world.* An average crossing takes just four-and-a-quarter days. Since most of our crossings include a weekend, a business traveler can enjoy a wonderful change of pace, yet be away from his work just three business days.

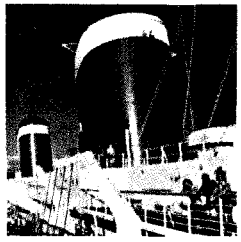
Best of all, when you travel to Europe by *ship* you arrive at the top of your form! Step ashore and tour a museum . . . or close a business deal. No need to spend valuable time recuperating.

What else will you find aboard America's Superliner? Superb European cuisine...everything from steamed finnan haddie for breakfast to Schaschlick a la Russe for dinner. The largest wine cellar afloat...stocked with the finest bordeaux, burgundies, moselles, ports . . . and 5000 bottles of vintage champagnes. Large air-conditioned staterooms with individual room control. Swimming, dancing, the latest movies, and, for your peace of mind, the highest safety standards in the world.

So this year, travel to Europe with us. There's no ship in the world quite like the ss United States. Call your Travel Agent or United States Lines, One Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10004.

ss United States

America's Superliner



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